

# The TATLER

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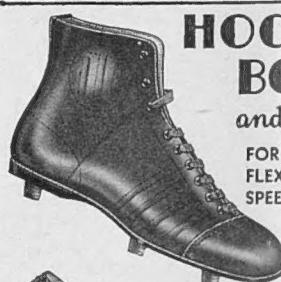
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# The TATLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1629. London, September 14, 1932

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## MARLENE DIETRICH AND HER "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" COIFFURE

By all the rules this latest style in dressing the hair ought to be called the "curiouser and curiouser," but as a matter of fact it is distinctly attractive, especially on this beautiful young lady. Her latest picture is "The Blonde Venus," with Herbert Marshall as the leading man, but she has had many terrific successes, one of her greatest being scored in "Shanghai Express."

In private life Marlene Dietrich is Mrs. Rudolf Sieber

# THE LETTERS OF EVE



Laidlaw  
AT LEE-ON-SOLENT: MISS GENEVIEVE TOBIN AND RAMON DE JENY

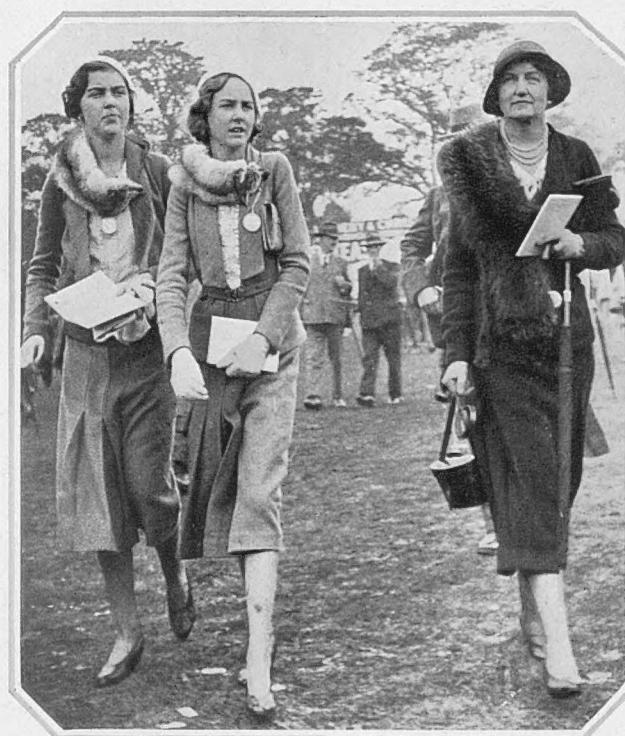
The well-known star of the silver screen having a bit of a holiday by the silver sea. Miss Genevieve Tobin was recently in "One Hour With You," playing opposite Maurice Chevalier, and before that played the name part in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Miss Tobin is an actress with both personality and charm, and has had many triumphs in the States as, of course, is evident from her record.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—The Leger will be ancient history by the time you read this letter. But now, as I write, it has been over only two or three hours, and I have scarcely yet recovered breath. What a race and what a day! It was with mixed feelings that I accepted a friend's invitation to fly to Doncaster. I hated the thought of missing a good thing. Yet I was not absolutely sure whether it was a good thing, for he seemed to be in some doubt about his landing ground. So there was a slightly nervous strain about the northward journey.

\* \* \*

But coming back I felt that any landing ground or no landing ground at all were all the same to me. A heaven-sent inspiration made me back Firdaussi two days before the race,



ON LEGER DAY: THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD AND LADY ANNE AND LADY PEGGY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK IN THE ENCLOSURE

Even though everyone did not back the Aga Khan's 20 to 1 winner, Firdaussi, ridden by the indomitable Freddie, most people managed to have a good time—weather and racing both out of the top drawer, and a very big gallery. Lady Titchfield is a daughter of the late Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and married the Duke of Portland's heir in 1915. She is with her two daughters



IN VENICE: THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ITALY AT THE RECENT REGATTA.

A State visit in a State barge to the Venice Regatta. Their Royal Highnesses' marriage in Rome in January, 1930, was one of the most brilliant Royal weddings in history. The Crown Princess was the Princess Marie José and is the daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians

when he was 45 to 1, and what a run the Aga Khan gave all of us who backed his horses for our money. His smile, when it was all over, seemed to embrace the paddock and stands, and even that aquarium-like structure in which the stewards are hard put to look really dignified.

And no wonder. He must have put up one record by starting four horses for the race. But when they finished first, second, fourth, and fifth like a private cavalry troop, in which Mrs. Rich's Silvermere had somehow got mixed up by mistake, it seemed like some fantastic dream. And not only fantastic but terribly exciting during those last few moments. For sentiment made me almost hope that poor gallant little Dastur would not have to be second again, though baser inclinations, with their visions of wiped-out Goodwood losses and holiday expenses, were all on the side of the winner.

\* \* \*

Apart from its own merits and attractions, Doncaster is one of the pleasantest meetings of the year, because everyone is so delighted to meet everyone else once again after the holiday separation. Everyone looks well and fresh and happy instead of wearing that jaded expression of the late summer, and the women look their best in their smart new autumn tweeds.

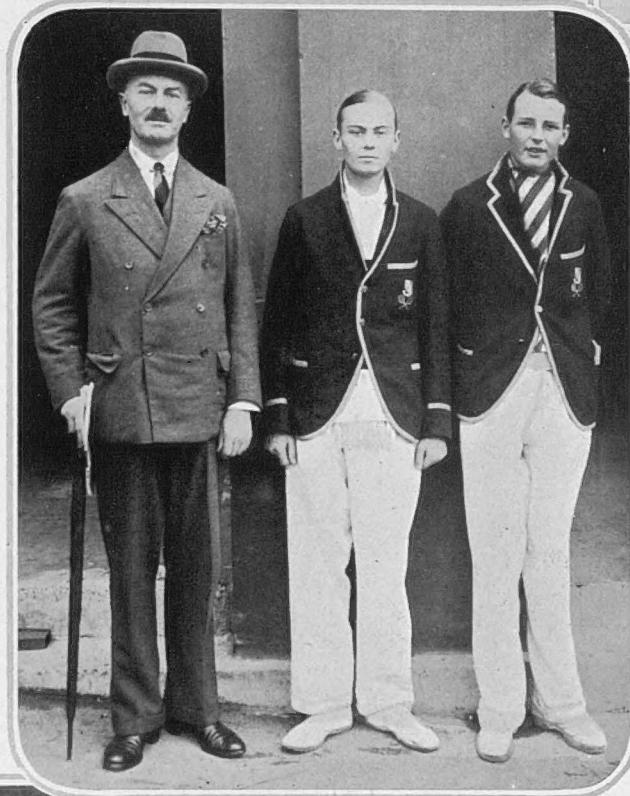
My visit was, of course, too hurried to give me any time for the sales which always thrill me tremendously, for I like to pick out, in imagination, the yearlings which are going to be the star turns of the next two seasons.

Nor, in the rush and excitement, did I quite take in all the well-known people who were to be seen. The Princess Royal did not escape me in her neat black and white, nor Lord and Lady Lonsdale with whom she and her husband were as usual staying for the meeting.

I noticed Lady Savile and some of her party from Rufford, which included Mrs. Arthur James and Mrs. Ronnie Greville, who does not often honour a race-course with her presence. And Lady Fitzwilliam, whose shrunken party at Wentworth would still be considered pretty large by most of us; it included many members of her numerous family. Among others I saw were Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, who seem to have been living in a whirl since they left Lismore in June; all the regulars such as the Buchanan-Jardines, Lady Beaumont, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Lady Kimberley, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Jimmie de Rothschild, and numerous Egerton brothers, and Lady Alwyne Compton Vyner. Lady Alwyne said that her son, Mr. Clare Vyner, was not having very good sport this season at Studley Royal.

Some of the last stragglers on the Continent will soon be coming home. Lady Mary St. Claire-Erskine from Munich, Lady Honor Guinness, Mr. "Chips" Channon, and Lady Diana Duff Cooper from Venice, and Lady Brecknock from South Germany, where she has just left Lady Louis Mountbatten. Lady Louis is being joined there soon by Lady Milford Haven, with whom she is going on a lengthy trip into the wilds of Arabia. These two independent and original sisters-in-law have made many journeys together, and are both good at roughing it in the very real sense of the word, so this should be a holiday after their own hearts.

L'e Touquet, by all accounts, is still pretty full. The Belabres left last Monday, but Mrs. Somerset Maugham is still entertaining in grand style at her villa. Last week-end she had another young party for her daughter. It included Lady Ashley (who, by the way, has been very ill out there and has had a trained nurse), Miss Diana Mainwaring, Miss Betsan Horlick, who has been distinguishing herself on the tennis court, and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger. Mrs. d'Erlanger was on her way home from Biarritz, where she has been staying with the O'Malley Keyes and entertaining them on the piano.



MISS BURTON CHADWICK AT AIX ON THE LAC DU BOURGET

A sunny snapshot of the only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Burton Chadwick. Her father is ex-Member for Wallasey and a well-known member of both The Squadron and the Royal Thames. He is a pillar of the shipping world and the founder of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners

The O'Malley Keyes have a beautiful new villa, which they built about two years ago, on the way from Biarritz to the golf course at Chiberta, and their large family disports itself in various ways, mostly at this time of year, I gather, in the Piscine, and not the least energetic is Mrs. Keyes herself, who is a strong swimmer, and beats her children at most games.

At the Casino Sir Louis Baron, the tobacco king, is, I hear, playing very high, and he collects a large crowd around him of other would-be high gamblers who can only look on enviously for need of money. The Princes have given a great fillip to the summer season at Biarritz, and the weather has been lovely. So it seems a pity that its palmy days seem to be over, judging by the announcement made a few days ago.

#### Stuart AT THE WIMBLEDON JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Earl of Lauderdale, his son, Lord Maitland, and C. G. Walton, who are the Stowe School first pair, and at the moment are doing pretty well in the Doubles. Lord Maitland is most promising, and went well in the Singles till he was put out by C. E. Hare, the holder. Recently, at the North Berwick Open, Lord Lauderdale and his son won the Doubles—a record performance, we believe

unneeded lunches, and interminable dinners de gala, and in dancing till daybreak, there was very little left in which to enjoy either the divine villa or the best bathing.

However, he saved just enough energy to bring back one or two stories. Some of them, I fear, are not quite fit for publication, though they are so funny that they almost justify it. But the very innocent one which I will tell you I can vouch for as being strictly true. A certain couple, whose nationality I will leave you to guess, went

(Continued overleaf)

b 2



IN MAJORCA: MR. CECIL BEATON AND MR. PETER WATSON

Actually at Formentor in that beautiful Mediterranean Isle. Mr. Beaton is well known as a Society photographer, and is also no mean decorative artist

## THE LETTERS OF EVE

—continued

to one of the antique dealers at Cagnes and chose a Louis XV bed. A fortnight later they came back and told him that though they liked it very much it was a little too small, so would he give them a Louis XVI bed instead.

\* \* \*

Scotch news continues to come in in fitful bursts from various parts of the country. I have already mentioned that the grouse on Deeside, and particularly at Balmoral, are few and far between. And I hear that Sir John Ward has cancelled his shoot in Perthshire on account of the scarcity of birds. But they tell me that on the west coast the season has been particularly good and that the bags in Argyllshire and Renfrewshire have been very big.

\* \* \*

However, shooting is not the only excitement in Scotland. There are ghillies' balls, which are probably more thoroughly enjoyed than any other balls in the world. They are great fun if you can dance reels and strip the willow and remain intact. The Glentanars combined both a few days ago. Their place, Glentanar, was originally a shooting box, but it has been added on to at various times, and the huge ball-room was built by the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks. The dome-shaped ceiling is entirely decorated with antlers of stags shot in the Glentanar forest, and the picked heads, all Royals, are set up and hung round the room. Kilts and pipers completed the picture.

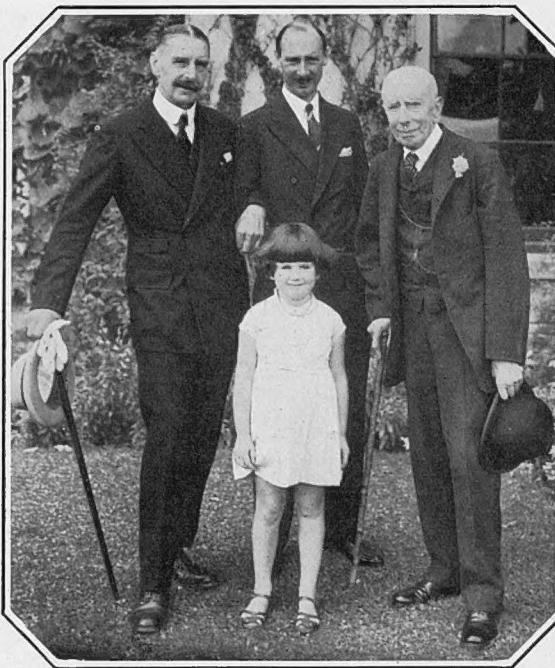
The house-party who came for the shooting and stayed to enjoy the ball included Lady Janet Montgomery, the Haddingtons, Miss Jean Scott, the Hamilton-Russells, Lord Digby, and Major Allan Adair. The Dowager Lady Glentanar came over from Craigendinny with Lord and Lady Douro and their son and daughter, and Mr. John and Miss Brenda Pearson. The Pearsons, brother and sister, have been keeping house together at Dunecht, as Lord and Lady Cowdray have been abroad since Goodwood. They are now at Baden-Baden, where Lady Cowdray is doing a cure, as she has been far from well all the summer.

\* \* \*

Braemar was not lucky for its famous Gathering of the Clans on the day after the Leger. It poured all day and the weather was so bad that it not only spoilt the day as a day, but it also prevented the King and Queen from being present and so deprived the Gathering of its most important chieftain.

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived with Princess Elizabeth from Birk Hall, one of the prettiest of the smaller houses on the Balmoral estate which is usually let to Sir Frederick Ponsonby. The Duchess wore a tartan skirt and a tweed coat, and the Princess was wearing a small green beret and a warm blanket coat. There was great excitement when this young lady arrived, for the whole countryside had been looking forward to her first appearance at the Gathering. She was evidently approved of as a presumptive future chieftainess of the Royal Stewart Clan.

The future chieftain of the Duff Clan, young Lord MacDuff, came with his father and mother, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, from Mar Lodge, which has been



THREE GENERATIONS ON SIR HENRY PETO'S BIRTHDAY

Sir Henry Peto (right) was born in 1840, and this interesting group was taken on his ninety-second birthday at Tawstock Court, Barnstaple, North Devon. Sir Basil Peto (left) is seventy, and is Sir Henry's brother, Captain Basil Peto, Sir Basil's son, is next to him, and the little girl is Serena Peto, daughter of Major James Peto, Sir Basil's eldest son

repainted and redecorated and made up to date. Princess Arthur, being Duchess of Fife in her own right, is, of course, the present chieftainess. Her sister, Lady Maud Carnegie, and Lord Carnegie and their small son, who have been staying with the Queen of Norway, were also at Mar Lodge for the Gathering.

\* \* \*

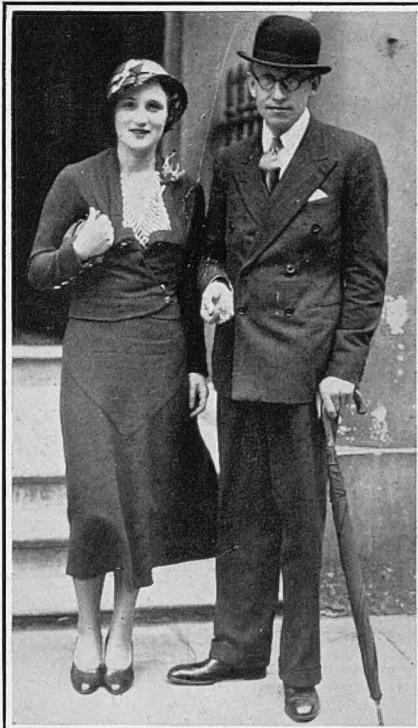
These Deeside clans all have present or future female chieftains, and after Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, who was Miss Myrtle Farquharson, the chieftainess of the Farquharsons will be Miss Zoë d'Erlanger. She is not yet three, but she seemed to realize the importance of her position last Thursday when she arrived with her mother and her grandfather from Invercauld. Invercauld, which is one of the finest places on Deeside, is unlet this year, and Mr. Alex Farquharson is just living in a corner of it. The river runs close to the house, which is half surrounded by a larch wood, and the hills and forests seem wilder there than in most places.

Two other distinguished people at the Gathering were the octogenarians, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Dunedin. Lord Aberdeen came with Lady Aberdeen and his niece, Miss Jessamine Gordon, who was dressed in bright yellow. Lord Dunedin was busy taking photographs of everybody and everything.

\* \* \*

Lord Glenconner had a shooting party a few days ago at Glen, his place in Peeblesshire, his guests including Sir Ian Colquhoun and his two young nephews, the Masters Tennyson and thirteen, who are sportsmen like their father, and both very keen shots. Mr. Olaf Hambro was to have been one of the party before the tragic motor-boat accident in Loch Ness a fortnight or so ago, in which his wife was drowned.

\* \* \*



LAST WEEK'S ENGAGEMENT: THE HON. MICHAEL MORRIS AND MISS JEAN MAKGILL-CRICKTON

The engagement was announced last weekend. The Hon. Michael Morris is the only son of Lord Morris, P.C., the former Prime Minister of Newfoundland, and Miss Jean Makgill-Crichton, the elder daughter of Lieut-Colonel David Maitland Makgill-Crichton, late the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Mrs. Crichton

Talking of the Hambros, Milton Abbey, in Dorset, is yet another historic mansion to be sold. It was founded a thousand years ago by King Athelstan, and in the fourteenth century it was remodelled by the Benedictine monks. In 1771, however, the monastic buildings were pulled down with the exception of the monks' hall, and up to now it has always been a show place. It has belonged to the Hambro family since the middle of last century, and Sir Eric Hambro, who is one of the richest bankers in Great Britain, has now elected to sell it to a prospector who is, presumably, going to cut up the 5,000 acres into small lots and then re-sell the land.

Sir Eric Hambro married a widow, Mrs. Elger, as his second wife and they are staying at the Dorchester Hotel at the moment, where a happy event is expected before long. Oddly enough, Lady Hambro's sister, now Mrs. Robert Dormer, was the wife of Sir Everard Hambro, Sir Eric's father, whom she married when he was a very old man. The Hambros come from Scandinavia, and Sir Everard was a wonderful man to look at. Just like a Viking; for he was about 6 ft. 6 in. in height with a high forehead and white beard. Sir Eric's son, Charles, whose wife died very suddenly this year, is one of our more brilliant young City magnates and one of the youngest directors of the Bank of England.—Yours ever, EVE.

PUTTING THEIR TRUST  
IN PRINCES : LADIES v.  
ARTISANS AT SANDWICH



LADY BARBARA BEVAN AND MRS. NEWALL WITH  
THEIR OPPONENTS A. H. DAVIS AND W. McNALLY



INTO BATTLE: LADY NORAH GRAHAM AND MISS BRASSEY  
WITH F. WATSON AND G. H. CLARK AT PRINCE'S, SANDWICH



MRS. TURNBULL, LADY ANNALY, G. AYLING, AND W. J. NOST



LADY SUIRDALE AND MISS NANCY BRASSEY  
MATCHED AGAINST E. EAST AND M. CLIFTON

These pictures were taken last Thursday at Sandwich during the annual match between Prince's Lady Associates and Prince's Artisans' Club. The contest, played under handicap, was a particularly keen one, the victory ultimately going to the Artisans by nine games to six with one match halved. Viscountess Broome and Mrs. Howard Smith, receiving one stroke, had the satisfaction of beating G. Scarborough and G. Spain by 4 and 3, and there was also a 6 and 5 success on the ladies' side. Lady Norah Graham had her second daughter, Miss Honora Brassey, as partner, and her youngest daughter, Miss Nancy Brassey, was playing with Lady Suirdale. Their father, the late Lieut.-Colonel Harold Brassey, Lady Norah's first husband, was killed in action in 1916.



LADY BROOME AND MRS. HOWARD SMITH WAITING  
TO PLAY G. SCARBOROUGH AND G. SPAIN

# THE CINEMA :

A Charming Film  
By JAMES AGATE

**H**e that expecteth nothing shall not be disappointed." This proverb is nowhere truer than in the cinema, and it is one upon which I am accustomed to act with the luckiest results. It was in accordance with this principle that I went the other evening to the Plaza, since what film-goer would expect anything of a picture with so hideous a title as *Lady and Gent?* It is true that the film featured George Bancroft upon whom I dote at least as fondly as Robert Louis Stevenson doted upon another bruiser. But one swallow does not make a summer, and I have never been of those who hold that one star makes a galaxy. Yet Bancroft goes a good way in that direction, since in my view he is an actor who can do no wrong. On the legitimate stage Sarah Bernhardt for many years fulfilled that rôle for me, since there was only one occasion upon which I failed to find her entirely satisfying. Does the reader want to know what that occasion was? It was in a play about Marie Antoinette, in which Sarah in a mauve make-up and wearing a violet frock laid her auburn curls upon a puce table-cloth and wept what looked to be tears of raspberry vinegar. There have been critics for whom the great Duse could do no wrong, even when she played Marguerite Gautier like a school-girl who had been caught stealing the jam. Then there was Ellen Terry, who played Lady Macbeth with the pouting air of a naughty little girl who has been to the cupboard and found no jam to steal. Perhaps one of the finest compliments ever offered to an actress was one paid by Mr. Shaw to Clare Greet. G.B.S. had animadverted upon all the other members of the cast but left our Clare severely alone. Sadly perturbed she plucked up courage to ask how she had done, and G.B.S. said: "My dear lady, if you blacked your face and stood on your head you would still be perfect." But this is not film criticism, except in so far as it helps me to say that George Bancroft, with his habit of blacking other people's eyes, is my perpetual idol. Nevertheless, I have seen him in pieces which would bore a stowaway if shown to him in his ship's hold.

Let it now be said that *Lady and Gent*, despite its appalling title, is one of the most human little pieces I have ever seen on the screen. It began by introducing Puff Rogers, one of those high-flying 'chorus-ladies' who would be scared out of their wits if they actually found themselves on a stage in a chorus. Puff also appeared to be running a night club, although it is possible that my intelligence is still too much numbed by the salt sting of sea breezes to cope perfectly with the intricacies of New York's half-world. The important thing was that Puff was played by Wynne Gibson, a youngish lady entirely unknown to me, and who appears to have all the genius, fascination, and style with which her admirers credit Marion Davies. Miss Gibson's part consisted almost entirely of wise-cracks, but she cracked them so wittily that for once in a way I did not wish the wise-cracker to be struck dumb utterly and for ever. Now Puff was, to put it politely, in love with Slag Bailey, a prize-fighter who was run for his own crooked ends by Pin Streaver, his manager, played by Mr. James Gleason, an actor for whom English audiences have very special affection. When Pin wanted Slag to win, he won, and when he wanted Slag to lose, he lost, though the time came when he wanted Slag to win, and unfortunately the winning capacity had gone out of Slag. So Pin went in for a little unwise safe-cracking, in the course of

which he was perforated by a policeman, and died in Slag's arms. At this point the film seemed to have come to a natural end, and we did not quite see where it was going to get its second wind from. And then a telegram came addressed to Pin which Puff opened. It contained an assignation at a country cottage, that is presuming that so large a country as America can have anything so small as a country cottage. Slag said he would keep the appointment since it had dawned upon his slow wits that there was money to be got. Puff said she would help him to keep the appointment, a proposition which Slag rejected. I was reminded here of the man who quarrelled with his wife about taking her to a dance. "She insisted, and I flatly refused," he told a sympathetic knot of listeners round the club bar. "What happened?" he was asked. "We compromised," he said. "I took her!" In the film the shot ended with Slag flatly refusing to allow Puff to accompany him, and the next shot showed them both in the train. At Ironton they found a charming little cottage, and when the expected knock came to the door both had screwed themselves up to meet a crook, gangster, blackmailer, or whatever type of scoundrel might be presumed to be Pin's friend. "Come in!" Slag cried in the voice of a man who was too confident of his fists to bother about a revolver. The door was pushed open and there entered a little boy of some nine summers. It was Pin's son, and the fact that he is the real hero of this film is one more proof of America's infinite appetite for sentimentality.

The astonishing thing is that on this occasion "sentimentality" turned out to be not the right word. All that followed was very charming sentiment, the astringent which effected this being Puff's humour. Indeed, the picture even began to take on the merits of a good pattern. In the first part it was always Puff who wanted to do things with Slag refusing, whereby those things became done; in the second half of the picture it was Slag wanting to do things with Puff refusing, whereby they still became done. Nothing on earth would induce Puff to stay in the house or cook a meal or help the boy to get over his loss, and terrific was the scorn she poured upon Slag whenever that dull ox wanted to do these things. Yet they became done. Presently we saw the boy at school with Slag settled into a job



MISS ISABEL JEANS AND HER FIRST TALKIE

The famous young actress, who has not been on the films since the disappearance of the silent ones, is playing Mrs. Durlacher, the designing minx, in "Sally Bishop," Mr. Temple Thurston's best seller. It is a British Lion production, and is being made at the Beaconsfield Studios

at the local ironworks and Puff having entirely forgotten all about the chorus, though indeed she would have had some difficulty in remembering it. And then the boy went to college and became the crack member of his football team, and ultimately was approached by a boxing promoter who proposed to run him in the way that Pin had run Slag. But Slag would not have this and there was a stand-up fight between the two men—and the rest of the story does not matter. But at least it had the great and unusual merit of suggesting the passing of time: when we took leave of Puff she was becoming an oldish woman and Slag was no longer the man we saw at the beginning of the film. Here, then, is a picture which for once in a way took on some resemblance to real life, a fact which the audience immensely appreciated. So far as I could judge, it was at the beginning a half-hearted audience which before the end had been entirely won over. I attribute this to the naturalness of the story, to the excellent playing of the older people, and a first-class performance by Master Billy Butts, one of the very few child actors whom I have not desired to smother with my own hands.

# AT THE ABOYNE GAMES

A Gathering of Deeside Society



MISS MARJORIE MEUSER, LORD HUNTLY, LADY MURIEL BECKWITH, LADY HUNTLY, AND MISS ISOBEL MEUSER



SIR THOMAS ROYDEN, MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, LADY ROYDEN, AND MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN



THE HON. MARGARET COATS, HER MOTHER, LADY GLENTANAR, THE DOWAGER LADY GLENTANAR, AND FRIEND



MISS DE COURCY WHEELER, LORD CRAIGMYLE, MR. DE COURCY WHEELER, THE HON. MRS. VAUGHAN THOMPSON, AND MR. NEWTON

That important Deeside sporting fixture, the Aboyne Gathering, took place last week in weather which was fully appreciated by the innumerable spectators, though the contestants in some of the sterner trials of strength found it almost too hot for comfort. The Marquis of Huntly, one of the founders of the Gathering in 1867, was, as usual, taking the greatest interest in what was toward. He certainly carries his eighty-five years very lightly. Sir Thomas Royden, who is seen with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Chamberlain, is a brother of Miss Maude Royden, C.H., the noted evangelist. The Dowager Lady Glentanar always makes a point of bringing a party to the Aboyne Games. This year her four-year-old granddaughter came too and was as good as gold. Lord Craigmyle's guests included his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Vaughan Thompson, and his grandchildren, Miss Désirée de Courcy Wheeler and Mr. W. J. T. de Courcy Wheeler, over from Ireland. Lord and Lady Sempill and their younger daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill, were further supporters of the occasion.



MAJOR McGREGOR WHITTON, LORD AND LADY SEMPILL AND THE HON. ELIZABETH FORBES-SEMPILL

## RACING RAGOUT

BY "GUARDRAIL"



THE FINISH OF THE LEGER

A moment when the phrase—much used by the prophets—"the magic of Orwell"—seemed to be singularly inappropriate. The day before the race everything and everybody almost were in favour of the failure at Epsom. On the day they said he did not please. The Aga Khan completely dominated the situation—Firdaussi (1), Dastur (2), Udaipur (4), Ta Kasra (5). Lucky Fred Fox, unlucky Mickey Beary!

**D**ONCASTER as usual started in rain and unpleasantness, but it is a meeting of which I am always very fond. May I say at once that my scathing remarks of last year on the traffic mismanagement no longer apply. The traffic was admirably arranged, and the main road used as a one-way street after racing for traffic leaving the course. The sales were extremely disappointing as a whole for the quality of the animals sent up and the prices for such stuff inordinately high. One could see being led round in the various paddocks from 50 to 100 yearlings at a time with hardly a good individual amongst them. The Irish importations could be recognized at a glance by their substance, bone, and conformation, headed, as usual, by Lord Furness's Gilltown stud contingent, which are always sent up in the pink of perfection. These Irish yearlings must have nearly driven Messrs. Goff and Tattersall into mental homes, for I understand every yearling arriving had to be valued by them and a 20 per cent. tariff on the valuation deposited by the owner. Those born in England and afterwards shipped to Ireland are exempt. If the valuation is exceeded at auction the balance of the tax is claimed, and if less, the rebate has to be claimed from the Government, and it is no good thing to get a rebate off any tax. The paddocks are always one of the most amusing studies to watch. As Mr. Jorrocks (I think) remarked: "The buyer has need of a hundred eyes, the seller of but one," and truly the vendor seems to lose all sense of critical faculty. Producing a yearling the size of an ordinary Alsatian, the seller explains that it is a late foal, all the family are small, and there are more good little 'uns than good big 'uns. His hind legs, which have the appearance of having been shut in a door, are nothing.

Look at Steadfast's and Orwell's hocks. His forelegs and joints, straight as an arrow, he gets from his sire, who must have been a close relative of the Belvoir weathergauge, and the fact that he walks

like a man with incipient locomotor ataxia is discounted by the fact that he can gallop round all the others in the field at home. It does no good, and neither side believes a word of it, but it is part of the game. Again some flash but moderate animal will be talked up by some knowledgeable man who has an axe to grind with the breeder. The yearling will be pulled out of his box so often that he never has a moment's peace and in the end makes four times his value. The golden rule as laid down to me by a particularly wise man is to pull out the animal which catches your eye. If he satisfies in every way *then* look at his breeding in the catalogue, and if he is out of the dam of a winner you have got a chance. Probably, however, having failed to elicit a bid down to £25, he will finish up at about three times your maximum, for if you judge well there are several others who do also.

The Champagne Stakes was the easiest won race of the year for Myrobella, who jumped out of the gate like a flash and the further she went and the harder the others scruffed, the further she won. This is a champion over short cuts, but it will probably never be anything more. What a selling plate to start the day with, Slipper, Polar Bear, Escurial, and Eyes Front all running, and yet the winner was easy to back, though one of the best 6-furlong horses in England. Leger day is, of course, the one day in the year at Doncaster, and the square—which is just off the main street—is packed solid with tipsters and the gaping yokels who buy their wares. It seems only necessary to be in rags or in the seediest of top hats for people to pay good money for one's advice on racing. I am rapidly approaching that stage, but don't seem to get anything at it.

The Leger was indeed a good turn-up for the books. My selection, Udaipur each way, was defeated a head for third place, and the only consolation one has is that even the stable didn't know which was their best. Violator is a fine individual, but lacking in liberty; Orwell, who ran well for a mile and a half, doesn't stay, and April the Fifth, who looked remarkably well and was in the picture till the distance, was just lacking in condition. His cheery owner, Mr. Tom Walls, also looked cherry ripe for anything. He was featuring in a film at the local

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ON LEGER DAY: MR. SIDNEY BEER, MR. DICK DAWSON, AND LORD CARNARVON

Mr. Sidney Beer has been an owner since he was in his teens, a thing which does not happen to everyone. The first one he owned was Reine de Neige. Dick Dawson of Whatcombe needs no introduction—surelie! Lord Carnarvon is a successful owner and a most enthusiastic gentleman rider



THEY ALSO SERVE: AMATEUR WAITRESSES AT THIRLESTANE CASTLE LAST WEEK

Clapperton

When Lord and Lady Lauderdale threw open the grounds of Thirlestane Castle, their Border home, in aid of the local branch of the Queen's Fund for Nurses, the youth and beauty of the neighbourhood lent a willing hand in serving tea to thirsty garden lovers. Included in this group are Lady Sylvia Maitland, who is Lord and Lady Lauderdale's only daughter, Miss E. Ritchie, Miss S. Owen, Miss Oliver, Miss Andrews, Miss L. E. Sprot, Miss E. Talbot, Miss Murphy, and Miss Millar

The charming snapshot below was taken during a fishing expedition at Horse Lake, British Columbia, one of the many beauty spots visited by the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter during their recent trip to Canada. Lord Exeter has a ranch on the Cariboo Road, B.C., and this is being very successfully managed by his younger son, Lord Martin Cecil. The Hon. Paul Knox is Lord Northland's brother



A BERKSHIRE HOUSE PARTY: MRS. ETCHELLS, MISS PENELOPE CHETWODE, MISS MARGARET SHERIDAN, THE HON. PATRICK BALFOUR, AND MR. F. ETCHELLS

## FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Happenings at Home and Overseas

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Etchells (see above) have a delightful home in Berkshire, France House, East Hagbourne, and invitations to stay there are accepted with celerity, for the well-known architect and his wife are experts in the art of entertaining. Miss Margaret Sheridan and Miss Penelope Chetwode are both only daughters, the former of Mrs. Clare Sheridan and the latter of General Sir Philip Chetwode, the C-in-C. in India, and Lady Chetwode. The Hon. Patrick Balfour, who chronicles the various doings of smart society with such spirit, is Lord and Lady Kinross's elder son



IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: LORD MARTIN CECIL, THE MARQUESS OF EXETER, THE HON. PAUL KNOX AND MR. J. ARUNDELL

# With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

"News."

THE worst of rumour and gossip and scandal is that you can never really kill them simply because, as a rule, they are invariably so much more dramatically interesting than the truth. Moreover, the man who first uttered that aphorism concerning no smoke without fire, knew his salacious world even though he was unacquainted with the truth. Some gossip, for instance, is so fantastically false that the most interesting thing about it would be to know how such fantasy originated. Does somebody dream it? Or do they make it up as a story first of all and put it into words instead of putting it on paper? I can remember a queer instance of gossip's power of invention in my own life when, for some years, I lived in a community of kindly philanthropists. One had one's own work to do, and it occupied so much of the day and often of the night that one didn't realize anyone else had any spare moment to view anybody else, as apart from the rest of the human machine. Yet they had! Before I departed I was informed that I had been married, divorced; that my wife had died after the separation, and that one of the informers had been personally present at her death-bed and described me as being "very upset." Which was very good manners on my part, if only one word of the marriage, divorce, and death-bed had had even a vestige of truth in it! It was so preposterously fiction that I have been amused by it ever since. But what has always evoked my curiosity, nevertheless, was how it originated and how and upon what grounds it was built up until at last it assumed both romance and tragedy. It has taught me one thing, however, and that is never to believe anything about anybody unless I know personally that at least some of the evidence is true. My small-talk consequently is, I suppose, devastatingly dull. Indeed, I have come to the conclusion that half the gossip and scandal is born, not always from ill-feeling but from a personal desire to shine, to create a sensation, to become the centre of morbid attraction—the need of having something to say which will make you for a little while a "star" turn over the tea-cups. There is, of course, a certain type of evil mind which is, so to speak, a factory of malignant innuendo; but as most people know these people, their malignity carries small weight. No, the real creator of slander is usually the innocent babbler, who deals out any bit of idle gossip which she, or he, has heard or surmised, like a hostess handing round cakes. Anything to keep her guests amused and to make herself a popular centre. And, as the same bit of gossip repeated twice is like champagne which has gone flat, fresh life is put into it in order to freshen it up. And so I come to a letter which I have just received from Mr. Robert Sherard, the author. It concerns the story quoted by Edward Marjoribanks in his "Life of Lord Carson," and reproduced in most of the reviews of that very interesting book. I refer to that dramatic meeting between Carson and Oscar Wilde in Paris, some time after Wilde's release from prison. In order to avoid an on-coming taxi, Carson stepped back suddenly, and in doing so knocked down a poor, painted creature behind him. The man turned out to be Wilde. So legally victor and legally vanquished met again, and for the last time. Well, Mr. Sherard writes to say that the whole story is a fabrication, and as it concerns a dead man, and a tragic genius at that, I would like to give his reasons. The "live" can take care of themselves. Not, alas! that any explanation will ever explode the story. The whole incident struck me as being too dramatically apt to be true; but simply because it was so



OYSTERS ONCE MORE!

Sasha

Mr. E. L. Jerwood, the well-known pearl merchant, and that great magnet for the camera, Miss Evelyn Laye, having the first dozen (each) of the season at the famous Piccadilly Oyster Bed—Scott's

dramatic and so apt, truth will always be of minor importance when it comes to telling a good story. Look at all those yarns with which contemporary history sullied the name of Gladstone, and, indeed, sullies the name of most famous men and women. Their falsity matters nothing at all. They make a good story, and human nature, it must be confessed, doesn't care a "heck" for the truth if falsehood can spicily amuse it. We are terribly near the simian outlook if you scratch people's more polite veneer. However, let me get on to Mr. Sherard's letter and his evidence against this much-quoted story concerning Carson's last meeting with Wilde.

Mr. Sherard's Letter.

He writes: "Marjoribanks gives the date of the encounter between Carson of Duncain and Wilde of Parnassus as being in the early months of 1900. . . . As a matter of fact, Wilde, in the early months of 1900, was not in Paris at all, but was travelling in Italy, apparently in robust, physical, and mental health, and was writing letters of great charm and brilliancy to his friend, Robert Ross. . . . Nor was he preying on the generosity of his friends. He was, during 1900, supplied with ample funds in repayment of an old debt towards him, honourably repaid by his debtor." He continues: "A more cruel and unjust story in his chapter on Wilde is the one which Marjoribanks prints about Lady Wilde, depicting her as having on April 5, 1895, been seen outside 16, Tite Street, superintending the departure of a cab, piled high with (Oscar's) luggage, i.e. conniving at her son's flight. . . . In April, 1895, Lady Wilde was lying bed-ridden at 146, Oakley Street, whence a few months later she was carried to her grave." And being in this sad state for months before that tragic April, "Indisputable evidence has established that she was strongly opposed to any suggestion that Wilde should flee the country." Indeed, she threatens to disown him if he did. This is the gist of Mr. Sherard's letter. I know not, personally, which version be correct, of course. But both have a right to publication, and very probably Mr. Sherard's is the more truthful. During my life I have always discovered that truth is usually tame when she should be melodramatic,



IRELAND'S MUS

By

A marvellously good who, in the manner past, has said "L'Etat (Free) c'est moi." It did not work over well upon that

SOLINI-DE VALERA

J. C. Hill

impression of the gentleman of some one else in the dim former occasion, and . . . !

(Continued on p. 444)

## A REAL BAD HAT

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



She: "You ought to go for a bathe in that hat, Fred, and not come up till it sinks"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

and is usually melodramatic where the world sees only tamelessness. Most V.C.s are not won on battle-fields, and I have yet to see the biggest honour given to the one who really did, or does, all the hardest work. At any rate, mud is the very easiest thing to fling at anyone. The thrower, moreover, can always be content that at least some of it sticks. Only metaphorical laurels have to be renovated lest they crumble and fade. It always amuses me secretly to discover in the daily newspaper that acts of heroism and self-sacrifice are usually consigned to the "snippet" column, while the latest shameless antic of some Society wastrel, and the last hold-up of a motor-bandit, get columns all to themselves with headlines and huge publicity complete. No wonder headlines have taken the place of the old-fashioned texts. Far better to be known as the "Helen of Troy" of Wigan than ever to stitch in time to save a few nines.

### A Little Book of Aphorisms.

Sometimes I think that mother's advice really does require bringing up to date. For instance: "Every mickle makes a muckle (whatever either may be!) and the Government takes the muckle." Or, "Virtue is its own reward so, thank God, there is always the workhouse." Writing of bringing ancient aphorisms up to date, however, Mr. George Tilley in "Wheat and Chaff: Being the Idle Thoughts of a Busy Man" (Bournemouth Guardian, Ltd. 6d.), has invented some new ones for present-day use. For example: "Experience is not cheap at any price. It may be bought too late," or "Some folks are so busy making new commandments that they quite forget the original ten," or "I find I can deceive other people much easier than I can deceive myself," or "The ship of State to-day would be all the better for a smaller crew and a larger anchor." And so on. Some of them much better than others, of course, and a few not quite good enough to find themselves in such good company. But all with a touch of real wisdom in them, two of the wisest being: "A true test of greatness is for *experience* to listen patiently to *inexperience*," and "You can only build up a child's character by adding a brick at a time." But, thank goodness, commendably few of those irritating aphorisms which turn and turn about on the supposition that there is always a silver lining to the darkest cloud, and that one has to turn one's face to the sunshine to leave the shadows behind. These always leave me perfectly stone cold, like the Christian scientist declaring that there is no such thing as pain—only "error"—to someone doubled up by toothache. The origin of optimism is usually to be found in the liver rather than in the mind. The truth is, of course, that a silver lining which you can't see doesn't keep you very warm, and how can you enjoy turning your face towards the sunshine when from within the shade Fate is aiming bricks at your behind?

### A Frenchman's Victory Over Blindness.

I suppose these writers of silly optimistic advice would count René Roy's beautiful little book, "The Night's Candles" (Gollancz. 6s.), as being typical of their disciples. But the tragedy of this book is far sadder than anything these optimistic warblers have ever encountered. It is the psychological study

of a young Frenchman blinded in the War, and of how, out of his darkness, he did not so greatly fashion light, as these namby-painby prophets regard light, so much as fashion a new and useful and beautiful world of his own out of his visual darkness. Eugène Brieux, who has written a very moving preface to the book, is quoted on the dust-cover as declaring, "I have never met with anything more touching, more impelling, more inspiring. I do not know of a more splendid showing of resolution, nobility, and spiritual energy." And everyone who reads the book will echo that cry. I know from personal experience when I say that I have not read any book which so reflected the pathos, yet the courage and the spiritual faith of a man blinded in the War, or since birth, whose soul has not been dimmed by his affliction. The emotional sequence is relentless in every case. The first terrible realization, the subsequent period of tragic misery and loneliness, and then the gradual re-creation of a new life, almost, so to speak, of a new man. After which the peace which comes only after the victory of some great courage. Beneath it all, however, the ever-haunting knowledge of frustration in some of the happiest aspects of normal life. Nevertheless, it cannot, even so, dim the glory of the victory which has been won. So that at the end of the book this author can yet write: "Nature still has joys to give, more exquisite perhaps to one who has kept entire his spiritual and intellectual faculties; and I know of secret beauty in the earth, far beyond the sight of the keenest eye. The man whose heart has been touched by love, tenderness, and friendship, has no right to curse his fate. He will have known everything in this world that makes it significant."

It is interesting to know that the writer is now an engineer, happily married, and the father of two children. Even so, the book proves that in all these blessings there is a sadness which, however, never embitters him. As an engineer he must, alas, always play a minor rôle. The face of his beloved wife he will never see, and the gradual realization by his children that their father is not as other men—these things carry their hurt.

### More Generally Exciting.

Much more generally exciting, and so more for the cool of the evening, is "Moonshine," an adventure in Burma (Howe. 7s. 6d.), by Ray Carr. This is a good yarn with an always popular plot. It concerns a secret packet entrusted to the hero to be delivered to a Mr. Potter in Penang, which a whole company of utter villains believe to contain a secret map of an undiscovered tin mine. The plot thereafter resolves itself into a series of thrilling adventures in which the hero is on the desperate self-defence all the time, and the wicked are trying equally desperately to lure him to destruction. Happily, he manages to keep the packet inviolate until at a critical moment something unexpectedly happens, which ends in the sudden arrival of Mr. Potter of Penang, and an explanation of the story's mysterious title. This is a thoroughly good holiday yarn, in which the Burinese setting is admirably described, and the character-drawing excellent. The kind of story, in fact, with which you can always make a grateful acquaintance by lending it to him after you have finished with it, while, at the same time, not being too, too particular if you never see him or it again.



Son (to father searching for lost ball): Daddy—d'you think that perhaps Pharaoh's daughter was playing golf when she found Moses?

## AT THE PLAY-HOUSES



MR. BERNARD SHAW'S LATEST: ERNEST THESIGER  
the monster), LEONORA CORBETT (the patient), DONALD  
WOLFIT (the doctor)

After its adventures at Malvern, Mr. Bernard Shaw's newest effort, "Too True to be Good," has come on to the New Theatre in London, where it opened on the 13th. Opinions—the critics' and the author's—were acutely divided after the Malvern première, the latter saying that it was a tremendous success, the former saying many things of a totally different description. It is a play of many sermons of the kind with which Mr. Shaw has made us familiar. What London may think of it remains to be seen. "Casanova" reaches its 200th performance at the Coliseum on the 17th. Grete Natzler, a beautiful Titian-haired young actress, plays Barberina, the famous dancer in "Casanova." Barberina in real life was a particular protégée of Frederick the Great and a lady of many other loves, but a great dancer, and at one time a Covent Garden star. It is related of her that Frederick upon one occasion stipulated that she should guarantee not to indulge in any further adventures before she signed a big contract!



*Sasha*  
ALSO IN "TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD": LEONORA CORBETT  
(the patient), CEDRIC HARDWICKE (the parson-burglar)



GRETE NATZLER AS BARBERINA IN "CASANOVA"

Stage Photo Co.

# POLO NOTES :

By  
"SERREFILE"

**N**OW that the time has arrived to cease thinking any more about polo in England till next Spring, for such is our way even when we have an International expedition on hand for the coming season, it is meet, I think, to make grateful acknowledgment of the great debt which all who both play the fastest ball game in the world and those who have ceased to play it, and those who form the interested audience, owe to the polo managers of the various clubs in London and elsewhere. If ever a polo season were started under more discouraging circumstances I have to be told about it, and yet, thanks to the enthusiasm and helpfulness of those who run the show for us, backed by the support of everyone who had anything directly or indirectly to do with it, not only was the prevailing gloom dissipated, but an astonishing success achieved. It is *moral* which wins wars; once let that thing be destroyed, and you may just as well say at once "up goes the donkey!" It is the fact that because our tails have been kept up that we have usually won when by all the rules of arithmetic we should have been content to acknowledge defeat. At Hurlingham Colonel Arthur Scott-Duff, at Ranelagh Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melville, and at Roehampton Lieut.-Colonel Charles Lister, loyally backed by their staffs, ground and otherwise, have done jobs of real hard work which it is impossible to eulogize sufficiently, whilst in the counties and at military centres like Tidworth and Aldershot, and at private centres like Cowdray and Osmaston, fine polo patriots have wheeled into line, and kept things going magnificently. I feel sure that I speak for an appreciative multitude of beneficiaries when I tender all hands concerned our heartiest thanks and congratulations.

\* \* \*

They never for one moment lost heart; they nailed the flag to the mast and never allowed the song of Jeremiah and his boy friends to put any kind of damper on their spirits. I think that what has been done this past season will stand for all time as a great accomplishment. There were slightly fewer teams, it is true, and we missed some old familiar faces with much regret, but an all-round survey compels the verdict that unless we had been assured so often that no one had enough money to afford even the price of a new pair of stirrup-leathers, we could not have believed that there was, in fact, anything unusual. If we can weather that which we have weathered in this and in other departments of our national sports and



"THE VAGRANTS" WIN AT BIARRITZ

Mrs. Kennedy presented the Cups to the winning "Vagrants" after they had beaten Los Piratos in the recent tournament at Biarritz. The names of the team in the picture, left to right, are: The Marquis du Basily, the Count du Bourg de Borzas, Colonel Richardson, and Count Zogeb



IN DUBLIN: H.E. MRS. MCNEILL AND MAJOR J. O'RKKE

At the All Ireland Polo Club ground in the Phoenix after the Beech Park team, of which Major O'Rorke was the skipper, had beaten Clonsilla in the Fortnightly Cup. Her Excellency made the presentation

pastimes what need can there be for fear as to the future?

\* \* \*

The outstanding feature has been the virility of Army polo. At all the centres of the various commands there has been little, if any, sign of declension. We saw as good an Inter-Regimental in London, as we have done for many, many years, and it is not too much to claim that where three teams in particular are concerned (the R.A., the Scots Greys, and The Bays), we have seen out players of as good regimental class as we have had at any period in the history of Army polo. I do not except even the 17th, 17th/21st Lancers, the 10th Hussars, 2nd Rifle Brigade, 15th Hussars, or such other teams of the more or less immediate past, as the

K.D.G.'s, Inniskillings, 9th Lancers, 12th Lancers, etc. Looking farther afield—India, Egypt, Australia, to mention three principal places we see the same thing. In India regiments with great polo traditions behind them have shown us that the old fire is not out. The 10th Hussars, the 15th/19th Hussars, and the Rifle Brigade (1st Batt.) have given proof that the new wine bids fair to be as good as the old, and those fine Indian cavalry regiments, the 15th Lancers (winners of the Indian Inter-Regimental, 1932) and the Central India Horse (most surprisingly beaten by the 10th Hussars in the opening tie) are still demonstrating their high quality.

\* \* \*

In Egypt the 17th/21st Lancers (next on the roster for India, a theatre of war in which they have won many "battles" in the past), the 12th Lancers (winners of the Inter-Regimental at home in 1914), a team calling themselves "The Pilgrims" (all serving soldiers), and the 2nd Light Brigade R.A. team, as well as some other units of the Army in Egypt, have all shown that there is any amount of kick in the game, and both the 17th/21st Lancer and 12th Lancer teams have been right at the top of their form. The 17th/21st beat the 12th in the Egyptian Open Cup 7 to 6 only; in the King's Cup the 12th beat the 17th/21st 8 to 6, and they also beat them after a hot set-to in the Inter-Regimental. For all practical intents and purposes these two teams are one and the same, and I think it is a most encouraging sign to find that, as in India and at home, so in Egypt, the class is so even and at the same time so good.

\* \* \*

As to Australia, that interesting letter published in these notes last week from someone who is so well known in the English polo world, said volumes as to the

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**MRS. VANDERBILT — LADY FURNESS'S TWIN SISTER**

Yevonde

Twins as a rule are supposed to be so much alike that no one can tell t'other from which, but it does not always happen. In the case of Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lady Furness it has, however, for they are as alike as twin flowers upon a single stem. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hayes Morgan, of the U.S.A., and their father was Consul-General at Buenos Aires. Lady Furness, who was then Mrs. Converse, married Lord Furness in 1926. He, of course, is first of all famous in the world of ships, but he is or was a large breeder of racing blood-stock and was a good Master of Hounds during the times he had the York and Ainsty. For one, he bred that good hound, Vandyke, whose hand-writing is still prominent in the Quorn Kennel to-day. Vandyke was the papa of Critic, the mama of the Quorn champion, Cruiser

# Priscilla in Paris

Next day we lunched with an old friend at Caplereton-sur-Mer. It is there that Marcel Boulestin, our modern Brillat Savarin, the famous epicure, culinary expert, writer on all matters concerning the kitchen and the art of *bien manger*, has his very delightful summer home, Leus Bignes, a neat little house in the Basque manner, but with such comforts and gorgeous old English furniture that no Basque has ever imagined! Marcel is—need I remind you?—a bachelor (I almost wrote “a confirmed spinster,” but a miss is as good as a mile—mile, not male, Mr. Printer, please—any day!), and his house is a man-run one, which means that there is time and place for everything! It’s such an exploded idea, isn’t it, that we females are the only home-runners!

I won’t tell you what he gave us for lunch, because, poor darling, you are no doubt enjoying roast beef (cold) and beer (hot) in some British hostelry at this time of the year,



*d’Ora*  
PRINCESSE DE LA TOUR  
D’AUVERGNE

Showing the exact angle at which the newest hatting should be worn. The Princesse is one of the smartest women in Paris, and her clothes are the envy of all beholders

**I**T was a long descent, Très Cher, from the Hautes Pyrénées to this little spot in la Vendée, where my island nestles—if an island can be said to nestle! A long descent, but a pleasant one, despite what we call, over here, “the canicular heat”!

The first night we stopped off at an enchanting little town, Orthez (in the Basses Pyrénées), with its narrow, humpety old bridge above the rushing *gave*, where the more reckless youths bathe on warm summer evenings! High rocks jut out over the deep water, and they dive marvellously well—the youths, not the rocks! The hardiest spirits dive from the bridge itself—which takes some doing. There is an excellent little pub, La Belle Hôtesse—good food in pleasant surroundings and bed-rooms with *eau courante*. . . . How times have changed since I first started to travel over the roads of *la Belle France* by car, some ten or twelve years ago! . . . Those were the days when *eau chaude* was supplied in a milk-jug; now even the tiniest villages boast of more important comforts.



*Hal Linden*  
SEÑORA ALVARA GUEVARA

The former Miss Meraud Guinness at Antibes. She and her husband are now in residence at their well-named Villa Enchantment, at Mougins, where, in spite of outdoor attractions, they find time to paint pictures



A SEA WATER LILLIE

*Hal Linden*  
Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) afloat at Eden Roc, while her son, Robert, now nearly twelve years old, provides the motive power. They have been having a very happy holiday down South, but when Robert goes back to school his mother intends returning to America

and I’d hate to make you feel jealous! I don’t intend to be anti-British, my dear, but my last tour in G. B. has given me a hearty hatred of the “cut from the joint and veges.” that most of the wayside pubs and country homes offered! I adore the roast beef of Old England . . . but not at every meal, and, most definitely, do I not like—salad dressing out of a bottle!

While we were at Leus Bignes, a parcel arrived from the British Zonophone Company: it contained the first record, made by Boulestin, of the cooking of an *omelette*! A great idea and a new one. I have heard good recipes broadcast in this country, but never before have I heard a phonograph record do the same thing! Cooking made easy! Have you a record in your home? Boulestin was extremely funny about the making of this first record. It was more than a little difficult to register—as it does—the sounds of every little detail of the preparation of that most delectable and simple (*when one knows how*) dish, and dozens of *omelettes* were made before a perfect record was registered; the result was that the studio staff, who enjoyed every single one of them, came down with bad liver attacks next day! An amusing moment also was when something accidentally crashed in the studio just as Boulestin was explaining

that the finished article should be as light as air!

After Caplereton, we hotchled a few hundred yards along the coast for a glimpse of Hossegor and its wonderful golf-course. Ran into little Yvonne Vallée—ex-Maurice Chevalier—who is as brown as . . . well, something between a peach and a cafay-au-lay! She is physical-jerking for all she is worth, and looking very fit, but refuses to say whether she contemplates a return to the stage. Her mama is with her, and looks after her as if she was still a *jeune fille à marier*. . . . It seems to me as if poor (?) Maurice will have to pay heavy alimony. Even in this country one cannot get rid of virtuous spouses for nothing when they have ceased to please.

I also have news of "the" two other famous divorcées! Sacha Guitry is actually shedding the sunshine of his presence upon La Baule, and is accompanied by little Jacqueline Delubac—whose picture appeared on this page a few weeks ago, when



Photos by Hal Linden  
LILIAN HARVEY AND FRIENDS

An engaging snapshot of a very engaging young lady, whose fame in the film world does not permit her much time for holiday-making. However, her lovely villa on the Riviera, Antibes, sees Miss Harvey whenever possible



BARONESS FRIES

About to take to the water after conscientious sun-bathing. The Baroness, who is Austrian, has been tremendously admired at Eden Roc

I commented on her extraordinary likeness to Yvonne Printemps, as I knew Yvonne, at the Folies-Bergère, some eighteen years ago. She is a very clever little lady, and I have no doubt will go far in legitimate comedy, with Sacha as her producer. On the other hand, a venerable and staid aunt of mine, whose word cannot possibly be doubted, tells me that she ran across Yvonne Printemps at Evian the other day. She was looking very lovely, but, as usual, appeared somewhat overcome by the feeling of her own importance and the weight of those marvellous pearls that she always wears. Her companion was the young actor, late of the Comédie Française, with whom the Guitrys' name has been linked for the last season or so! Good luck to these newly-assorted pairs, sez I; they should afford us, behind the footlights, some happy evenings next winter.

And now I am back at my island farm, and the little boat I burbled about is in

method was to hoist the sail and get in front of the wind—which kindly obliged both times—and wait for whatever happened! The first time it was a sandbank—the tide had turned while I wasn't looking, or words to that effect—and the second time it was a biggish fishing-boat that I hadn't noticed! I learned quite a lot of new French swear-words on that occasion! Now, I repeat, I have a sailor who sees to everything, while I occasionally do a job of bailing or sling a fishing line overboard that never catches anything but seaweed! However, I have hopes for the future . . . only by then, my holidays will be over! A horrible thought, and one that I prefer to forget!

Biarritz, according to latest news, is eternally grateful to the two Royalties who had been there recently, because their visit has prolonged the summer season. The golf, of course, is excellent, and both the Prince of Wales and Prince George are very keen on it, and were staying at the Villa Clara, which is situated on the golf course and close to the Chambre d'Amour swimming pool, belonging to the Miramar Hotel. Other celebrities from your side of the Channel have been the Mayor of Brighton, who paid an official visit and was gorgeously entertained officially and unofficially, and Sir Alfred Butt. Love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.

commission (this being, I gather, the correct way of saying that she is bobbing about her moorings and curtseying to me every time I look out of the window!). I have been out in her twice by myself . . . but had to be rescued both times! Knowing nothing about sailing, and being a bit of a dare-devil, I'm afraid I made a fool of myself! Howsumever, I have since engaged a sailor to teach me the difference between *tribord* and *babord*, and how to tie knots that don't tangle and a few other little things it seems that one must savvy . . . though goodness knows how one says them in English! This may be safe, but it is unexciting! My own



MISS BETTY CHANDLER

One of America's most attractive contributions to the Riviera, where society has decided that brevity is the soul of fit as regards seaside suiting

## THE PRINCE OF WALES' GOLF CUP AT LE TOUQUET



MRS. BRUCE, MR. HEAD, THE HON. DIANA RUSSELL  
AND COMMANDER BRUCE



MISS JEANNE HEWETT, MRS. HEWETT AND THE  
HON. CHARLES CAVENDISH



MR. LAWRENCE AND LADY  
LANGTON



LORD CHESHAM AND MRS. CHARLES  
MILLS



MRS. MELCER AND SIR GEORGE  
PREScott

When the Mixed Foursomes for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Cup were played at Le Touquet, it was still summer : here in England it has skidded very suddenly into nippy autumn, and shooters and cub-hunters, and even football specialists, have been seen blowing their fingers to keep 'em warm : and only a few moments ago we were thinking of Sola Topis and heat apoplexy. They had first-class sun for these four-somes for the Cup generously "donated" by that great enthusiast, H.R.H., and everybody enjoyed itself ! Of some of those in these pictures, the Hon. Diana Russell, who is being convoyed by the Navy, is Lord De Clifford's only sister. He married Miss Dorothy Meyrick. The Hon. Charles Cavendish is Lord and Lady Chesham's son. Lady Chesham was Miss Margot Mills, and Lord Chesham is with Mrs. Charlie Mills. Lady Langton, who is with Mr. Lawrence, is the wife of Sir George Langton (Mr. Justice Langton), who was appointed a judge of the High Court of Justice in 1930. Sir George Prescott is the 5th Baronet and is a Major (Reserve of Officers) in the Life Guards. He was with the "Tins" Composite Regiment in South Africa, and also through the Big Scrap

## THE WYLYE VALLEY HUNT GYMKHANA

MISS E. FRYER AND  
MISS DIANA BELLLEFT: MAJOR AND  
MRS. LAYARD AND  
THEIR DAUGHTERS

MISS LOU SEELY

CAPTAIN RONALD CORBETT  
AND MISS UMFREVILLEMISS E. FRYER, MRS. FARQUHARSON, MISS  
• MARGARET WHIGHAM AND MISS JUMP

Gymkhana is the word used to describe an entertainment at which you are usually invited to perform some quite unpleasantly dangerous feat, but as a rule these things do at any rate serve to "fettle up" the performers. With the hunting season only just round the corner, it is a good idea for various hunts to organise these little affairs, for they amuse the sometimes quite heartless onlooker, and, any-way, serve to get the performer into condition. The Wylye Valley one was held in beautiful Heytesbury Park, and was very well run; no one was even maimed and they had a first-class day for it. The new Master of these hounds, Captain Ronald Corbett, did a man's job of work all the time, and let's hope he is going to have a good season. One or two starters from adjacent hunts were on the premises. Little Diana Bell, who rides so very well, is the daughter of that popular celebrity, Ike Bell, M.F.H. (South and West Wilts). Miss Lou Seely is a daughter of General J. E. B. Seely, and she is swinging that pony a bit wide in the Bending Race.

# ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

## *Miss Cooper and the Modern Girl*



YOU do not understand me, Mother; you will never know my thoughts, dear parents. They have had the modern-girl problem in Budapest (they have also had it in Nanking and Buenos Aires—Kabul and Khitmandu are probably the only capitals where it has not been stressed). The Budapest specimen is here at the Playhouse, as stage daughter to Gladys Cooper.

*Firebird*, adapted from the Hungarian, is not chiefly about the young creature. It is produced as a slice of contemporary life, rather in the manner of *Grand Hotel*. Incidental characters wander in and out of a block of flats owned by an Excellency of former Cabinet rank. A well-known actor, newly arrived as tenant, is repulsed when he molests the Excellency's wife by making

STAIRCASE ASSAULT  
AND FLATTERY:  
GLADYS COOPER,  
HUGH WILLIAMS

fustian love as he blocks her way down the staircase. Callers, porters, messengers, autograph hunters, organ-grinder, schoolgirls, and governesses come into the entrance hall, say their casual lines, and pass by.

This is for atmosphere. Until nearly the end of the first act, the concentration on Hungarian atmosphere reduces interest in the plot, even when it is learned that the actor has been shot dead in his flat upstairs.

The death does not come as a shock; you are more concerned with the uniforms of the police and with the realistic twitterings of tenants suddenly faced by sensation. Nor does the enquiry in the police commissioner's office bring the suspense usual to plays based on murder. Your attention is on the foreign methods of investigation. Here is no warning, enforced by the Home Office, that those questioned need not answer. They must tell the commissioner exactly what, how and why, or else they are due for something unpleasant. So the actor's uncensored past floats from the mouth of his valet and others.

He gambled away his salary; he was visited at nights by a woman unknown; and in the provinces he was engaged to a plump actress—it was the kind of engagement that produced a baby.

The plump actress throws cold water on a suggestion of suicide by saying that actors do not fire real revolvers.

This is no crime drama in the ordinary sense. Authentic characters and motives make it more than that. But an overdose of detail slows up the play until Gladys Cooper forces a human issue with dramatic confession. The Excellency's wife tells the commissioner, in confidence, that she was the actor's night-visitor. Loving her husband, she yet was drawn upstairs by the dead man's desire and the usual something-stronger-than-herself.

That does not imply murder, although it brings overdue suspense. Gladys Cooper's delivery promotes belief in the confession among the audience as well as with the commissioner. But future interest is in the wife's chances of getting away with secrecy for moral turpitude, rather than in the problem of who fired the death-shot. Gladys Cooper's

rôle completely dominates the play thus far; and observant ones can guess that she is not guilty of murder, because of the time of her return to the block of flats (she returned, by the way, with a good-looking schnauzer dog; and, since dogs can usually steal attention from human actors, it said much for her power that she stayed the centre of attraction).

I was told that Miss Cooper's dresses were ravishing, and special admiration was invited for that worn in the second act. I did not want to admire it, because that would have diverted from drama which had tardily come to life.

It is known that the dead actor's mistress must have inhabited the building. The husband goes through his list of tenants, and reaches the certainty that the woman must have come from his own flat. Visitors are ruled out by departure dates. Then it must have been the new maid; but she, also, can prove absence. The trail ends in forced admission from the wife.

A worse suspicion dawns in his Excellency's mournful mind. It is confirmed when he finds in his wife's desk a cigarette-case known to have been with the actor when he was killed. Harried by circumstantial evidence, the wife confesses to murder as well as adultery. The commissioner, more detached than the husband, is sceptical. Her description of the actor's flat is inaccurate and presumably invented. Having proved that she has never been inside it, he sends for the daughter, kept until now in the background. Miss Cooper moves R, out of the main light.

Here, aged sixteen, is the actor's authentic mistress and accidental slayer, around whom the mother has cast a smoke-screen of intensive confession. The intended surprise comes not from her guilt, but from its details. The man was not tired of the seduced girl, but she of him. He was conceited, and failed to "come up to her ideals." He wanted to marry her, and loss of publicity made him furious when she declined. The rest was struggle and accident. Why did she refuse to marry him after what had happened?

Because  
she wanted her own life,  
and all that.

The parents, flinching  
behind rents in their con-  
ception of a reserved



CONFESION IN THE  
POLICE STATION: GLADYS  
COOPER, FRANK HARVEY

young thing guarded by governesses, will make the best of her bad job. She shall go abroad after a short interval in prison, and when she returns a new life will begin.

The ex-maiden declines with appropriate regrets. Mares do not understand the needs of fillies. This filly, discovered in kicking over so many traces, flicks at the last cherished assumption. Youth knows what it wants, which must be something different from parents' plans.

Our sixteen-year-old will dance, dance, dance. Some day she will dance before vast audiences to Stravinsky's *Firebird*. That is her desire and her mission; so farewell, kind parents; I thank you sincerely, but you are you, and above all I am I. A jaunty béret decorates her departure to the police-station; and the reunited Excellencies are left to shrug shoulders into the shape of a question mark.

Faint disappointment at the end, after a good second act and a better third, is promoted by the grandiloquence of the young girl's dive into self-expression. It is produced as something inevitable, and its pathos is ignored. The girl is a type of dozens of thousands of them, armed for sexual adventure with fifth-form illusions miscalled ideals, and certain of their destiny to be firebirds in the future. A faint chance exists for one in one thousand among them to become firebirds in far-away fact. There is nothing in this otherwise realistic play to suggest that the girl is

above the lively average of the nine hundred and ninety-nine who must fail to reach the distant glitter. Yet her wisdom is presented as being of the new ages instead of the school dormitory.

The play is dramatic enough to be well worth seeing when coupled with the good acting it obtains. Alan Napier as husband and Frank Harvey as police chief excellently support Gladys Cooper, who is almost at her best in an emotional, highly-strung part. Her grip on the focal point of sympathy is not lost when she gracefully cedes, for the final twenty minutes, the centre of the stage to Antoinette Cellier's girl in revolt; and this young actress moves through the sudden limelight with enough poise to justify her sudden fame.



BREAKDOWN OF AN UPRIGHT HUSBAND: GLADYS COOPER, ALAN NAPIER

## WHAT THE CAMERA SEES



*Poole, Dublin*  
IN IRELAND: LADY MUSGRAVE WITH HER SONS, RICHARD AND MICHAEL, AND HER BABY DAUGHTER, LISANNE



WATCHING A GYMKHANA: MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A., WITH CAPTAIN AND MRS. CARTHEW - YORSTOUN

The above pleasant group was taken at Sir Christopher Musgrave's home, Belvedere, Dalkey, where a private bathing pool gives immense amusement to Richard and Michael. Sir Christopher succeeded to the title in 1930, on the death of his first cousin, Sir Richard Musgrave, of Tourin, one of Ireland's greatest sportsmen



*Truman Howell*  
ENTERTAINED AT NEWPORT: THE HON. LADY BARSTOW AND SIR H. MATHER JACKSON



*Balmoral*  
MR. HILTON PHILIPSON AND MRS. BUTCHER AT NORTH BERWICK



*Truman Howell*  
ALSO AT NEWPORT: LADY HERBERT AND MR. W. H. FERGUSON, R.H.A.

Two of these pictures were taken at Newport Barracks, where the 2nd Brigade R.H.A. recently gave an "At Home." Sir Henry Mather Jackson, a D.L. for Monmouthshire, is seen with Lord Trevethin's daughter, and on the right Mr. Ferguson is escorting Lady Herbert, of Coldbrook Park. Her husband, the late Sir Arthur Herbert, was for years Master of the Monmouthshire. Recent North Berwick golfers have included Lt.-Col. Cecil Butcher's wife, a daughter of Mr. Kenneth MacLeod, of cricket and Rugby fame. Mr. Augustus John was photographed at his home, Fryern Court, when the Linwood Riding Club's Gymkhana was in progress

## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



No. VII—COODEN BEACH G.C., BEXHILL

Cooden Beach is one of the best known and most popular clubs in all Sussex, and is hard-by that nowadays fashionable seaside spot, Bexhill, which not so very many years ago was not much more than a small fishing village with old Brooks' harriers, long since discontinued, as one of its few divertissements. "Mel," as usual, steals all the thunder which might have gone to make a newsy caption, but as he does it so well there are no complaints

The next famous Golf Club in this Series will be Hindhead G.C.



THE KITCHEN OF

*From the picture by J.*



## OF "THE GEORGE"

Picture by J. K. KIRBY



Player's  
Please



## SPORTING OCCASIONS UP NORTH



Balmoral  
LADY LORAIN AND MRS. J. N. HORLICK  
AT NORTH BERWICK



Clapperton  
MAJOR S. STRANG-STEELE'S  
CRICKET XI.

At Selkirk last week. The names are (left to right): J. S. Johnstone, J. W. Strang-Steele, Captain Alexander, Lord Hopetoun, R. Lyle, Major Callender, A. C. Hazlerigg and Major Norman



Balmoral  
AT NORTH BERWICK: LORD  
AND LADY ABINGDON



Victor Hey  
AT THE SCARBOROUGH CRICKET FESTIVAL: MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER, LORD AND LADY HAWKE, MRS. LEVESON-GOWER, MRS. NIGEL HAIG, MR. F. R. BROWN AND MR. NIGEL HAIG

Golf, cricket and grouse-shooting are included in this little haul, and the first and the last will carry on for a bit, but cricket's swan-song is now heard in this land. Lady Loraine, who is in the North Berwick snapshot with Mrs. Jimmy Horlick, is the wife of Sir Percy Loraine, High Commissioner of Egypt; and Lord Abingdon, who is with his wife in the other North Berwick picture, was formerly in the Grenadiers. Lady Abingdon is a kinswoman of Lord Wharncliffe. In the Selkirk picture some of Major Strang-Steele's team are seen having a look at the wicket. The Scarborough Cricket Festival is always a great occasion in Yorkshire, and this year Mr. Claude Norton, of Irton Manor, was President and entertained everyone most royally. The distinguished group in the picture was taken in front of his marquee. Sir Edmund Findlay's cheery party for the grouse were shooting over the Ben Rinnies moors and had a great time



AT SIR EDMUND FINDLAY'S SHOOT Sutherland  
The names are (left to right): Mr. Percy Laming, M. A. Bowhill, General Pelham-Burn, Mr. Peter Findlay, Sir Hugh Lucas Tooth, Miss Bowhill, Lieut. K. Mackessack, Miss Mary Collins, Miss G. Davidson, Mr. Stanley Cohn, Mr. R. S. Cumming, Lady Findlay, Miss Bowhill, Sir Alastair Gordon Cumming, Sir Edmund Findlay

# BIARRITZ CALLING

## The Sun-Bathers' Parade

Nowadays the success of a summer seasonal resort appears to be in ratio to the number of bare bodies browning on the beach. Biarritz has certainly not been backward in this respect, and who would blame the tide for turning to have a look at the human form divine so bravely displayed? Recent persistent sun-bathers have included that enterprising young bachelor Baronet, Sir Hugh Smiley, who is in such request at London parties. Mrs. Woolley Hart is a noted giver of these, her star turn this summer being the spectacular gathering of real and imitation Costers in Prince's Gate. Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes and her husband and cheerful family are popular features of Biarritz, where they live most of the year, keeping open house at Castel Meretmont.



MRS. WOOLLEY HART, SIR HUGH SMILEY, MRS. O'MALLEY-KEYES AND MR. WEINEGAR FEELING VERY BRACED



LIGHTING-UP TIME: MR. AND MRS SAMUEL WITTE ON THE BEACH OUTSIDE THE MIRAMAR HOTEL



MR. C. SWEENEY, MRS. GERARD D'ERLANGER, BRIGADIER-GENERAL TROTTER AND MR. G. RYAN

The strong American contingent in evidence at Biarritz has included Mr. Sweeny, the well-known golfer, and Mr. George Ryan, from New York. Miss Edythe Baker was American too, before she married Baron Emile d'Erlanger's younger son. Brigadier-General Trotter, who has been Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales since 1925 and shares H.R.H.'s liking for Biarritz, has many friends in the States, having commanded the British Military Mission there during the last year of the Great War. The snapshot of Lady Furness and Mr. Lawson-Johnston was taken at the "Chambre d'Amour," a super swimming pool. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Witte were recently entertained by Prince George



LADY FURNESS AND MR. ORMOND LAWSON-JOHNSTON

## A SEA FANTASY



*Jean Moral, Barchan*

A MODERN VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA



IN ROSS-SHIRE: LADY ISOBEL BLUNT-MACKENZIE

The only daughter of Lt. Col. Edward Blunt-Mackenzie and the Countess of Cromartie, who is a peeress in her own right. Her seat is Castle Leod, Strathpeffer. This picture was taken at Tarbat House, Kildary, Ross-shire

**A**T the club a member said that a person could not enjoy or even distinguish between drinks in the dark. Another member, a Scotsman, offered to bet that, blindfolded, he could name any drink given him.

The bet was accepted, and the member was blindfolded. He sampled drink after drink, and named every one correctly, until the taker was in despair.

"Try him wi' water," whispered a member, and the hint was taken.

The blindfolded man sipped, frowned, sipped again. "I canna just mind the name o' this," he said at last; "but I mind tastin' it when I was a wee laddie!"

\* \* \*

**A**fter their return from the holidays, the boys found that the school hall had been hung with large medallion portraits of the great teachers of the world. They were arranged in chronological order, beginning with Moses.

One of the boys was looking round them, and stopped before one in surprise.

"Euclid—Euclid!" he said. "Was Euclid a man? I always thought he was just a book!" He moved on a little further, then looked round, seeming to miss something. At last he turned, and said to the boy behind him: "Where is Algebra?"

\* \* \*

**T**he master of the house received a long buff envelope at breakfast time one morning, and the letters "O.H.M.S." upon it greatly intrigued his little daughter.

"Daddy," she asked, "what do those letters stand for?"

"Oh, Have My Salary," grunted her parent irritably.

\* \* \*

**A** man sold his car to a friend, and a few days after the deal they happened to meet in the street.

"I can't get any speed out of that car you sold me," grumbled the first. "I thought you said you were arrested six times on account of it."

"Yes, so I was," replied the second, "for obstructing the thoroughfare."

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

**T**he teacher had just concluded telling the class the story of Joseph. To test their knowledge, she asked: "Why did Joseph's brothers put him in the pit?"

"Because he had a coat of many colours," answered a small boy.

"What had that to do with it?"

"Well," was the reply, "if he'd had evening dress they might have put him in the stalls."

\* \* \*

**H**e was just leaving his adored's house when he was confronted by the massive figure of the girl's father. The young man tried to evade him, but the other grasped him by the shoulder.

"Now then, my lad," he said, "you're here quite a lot these days. What do you want with my daughter?"

"Well," said the young man nervously, "you know best what you can afford."

\* \* \*

**O**n John's twenty-first birthday a party was given in his honour, and his mother dilated to all the guests in turn on the wonderful achievements of her son.

"Look at the prizes he has won!" she would say, and each guest would have to follow her to another room where John's prizes were displayed. Chief of all was a silver cup that stood in the centre.

"What was this for?" asked one guest.

"That? Oh, that was for running," answered the proud mother.

"And who presented it to him?" questioned the curious guest, as he failed to find any inscription.

"Well—we did," was the reply. "You see, John would certainly have won, but he didn't hear the starting pistol go off!"

\* \* \*

**A** young man was threatened with an action for breach of promise, and had gone to consult his lawyer.

"Are there any letters in existence?" was the first question the lawyer asked, when he had heard the young man's story.

"Hundreds of them, unfortunately" replied the young man disconsolately.

"What a pity," said the other, "that you had never heard the old adage, 'Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman'!"



"THE BIRD HAS FLOWN"

A charming child study which won a first prize at the recent Vienna Salon Exhibition of Photographic Art

Buy comfort. It's neither as difficult nor as vague as it sounds when once you've realised that foot comfort is the most important sort of comfort there is. There's nothing like a comfortable pair of shoes for seeing you through the day and helping you to get the best out of life. 'Buy comfort' means 'buy Cantilever Shoes' to our way of thinking. For Cantilever Shoes were originally designed with only one end-in view—comfort. The diagram below will show you just one of the comfort-bringing ideas that are incorporated in Cantilever. Write for free booklet, giving further particulars of the Cantilever principle and for the name of the nearest Cantilever Store to CANTILEVER LIMITED, NORTHAMPTON.



# CANTILEVER SHOES

ARE BRITISH MADE



In this diagram the solid line indicates the sole of the Cantilever Shoe, the dotted line the sole of the ordinary shoe. See how the comfortable Cantilever Shoe conforms to the natural, straight inner line of the foot and provides ample toe room where the ordinary shoe would force the big toe inwards to squeeze, crowd and cramp the other toes.

# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"



W. Dennis Ross

## THE DIAMOND WEDDING OF MR. THOMAS KINGSCOTE AND THE HON. MRS. KINGSCOTE

A group that will interest everyone in the West Country, especially anyone who has anything to do with fox-hunting or polo. Mr. and Mrs. Kingscote were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on August 31st, 1872, and Mrs. Kingscote is the sister of the present Lord Gifford. The names in this group are (left to right), back row: Master Robin Kingscote (son of Major E. T. Kingscote), Miss Joyce Kingscote (daughter of Captain M. J. Kingscote, M.F.H., and Mrs. Kingscote), Captain M. J. Kingscote (son), Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds and very famous in the polo world, Captain John Kingscote (nephew), Miss Pamela Kingscote (daughter of Major E. T. Kingscote), Major E. T. Kingscote (son). Front row: Mrs. M. J. Kingscote, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Kingscote, Mr. Thomas Kingscote, C.V.O., Mrs. E. T. Kingscote

**T**HE wonderful things that some people manage to do without flicking a feather off themselves absolutely baffle belief. Not so long ago I came across a hero (in a book) who "made a silent grimace," and now someone, looking out over Southampton from the navigation bridge of the *Aquitania* (I think it was), has accomplished this:—

"A red advertisement flared on shore, and the town clock showed its four pale faces to the night like a constellation of moons."

What marvellous eyesight, and how they do it I don't know.

\* \* \* \*

**A**t a moment when the Yard are so hot on the track of the Modern High-Tobymen, this artist who can see round corners ought to be absolutely invaluable to them. Why not grab him up at once, before the Other Side has a chance to make him an offer?

\* \* \* \*

**A** propos regimental nicknames, about which a note was published recently, a "Soldierman" writes to me to suggest that the nicknames of regiments and of individuals are almost invariably the acme of aptness and fit the nick-named like a good pair of breeches ought to do the knee-joint. This certainly is true. For a taste, how does "The Haggard Rider or She Who Must be Obeyed" fit a lady who was a rag, a bone and a hank of hair to look at, ruled her husband with a rod of iron and rode like blazes? "The White Kaffir," who looked like it and who was called "The Hoot and Toot" (by some, by me amongst them, and the christener) because she talked like that, is another that I think suited. "Flash Alf" is so called because (still) he is a very dressy cove, and at one time was so "pertickler" that he had his primrose-yellow and other mouchoirs stitched into his breast pocket. A chap named Muspratt-Williams we used to call "Bandycoot Bill"—rather good; and another one, a lady, we called "The Hardy Annual"—she had had thirteen and had been married fourteen—good performance.

There was a man in the 10th they used to call "The Snail," but that was just sarcastic-like. He was quick enough to catch pigeons or any other kind of birds. "Belphoebe" got her name because she was a great scalp-huntress and a

perfect goddess, any old how, to look at; and one of her best pals we called "The Boneless Wonder" because she was just like that to dance with. "Butterfly Tom" was at least 20 st. in his socks. "Mummy and Puppy" rather explain themselves; a married couple and she old enough to be his great-aunt. "Naughty Arthur," "The Chilly Widow," "The Treasure," "Kaffir Kate," "Conk," "Boney Jean," "Brandy Dick," "Jacko"—always made you think of nuts and bananas—also all rather speak for themselves, and so do "Giggles" and "Goggles," twins, one all hair and teeth and the other a tenth-rate fiddler. "Dick Dead-Eye," who used to ride races, always looked lonely without a cat o' nine tails and bell-bottom trousers; and "Monkey Brand," who had a beard and a nice taste in Burgundy, inevitably made you think of a brightly polished saucepan—you know the famous advertisement, of course? A chap we used to call "Hamlet" always had that "Alas, poor Yorick!" look about him, and there were two brothers, name of Rhodes, we called "Dusty" and "Not So Dusty," which was rather distinctive, anyhow. "The Yahoo," "The Apostle," "The Priest," "The Bat," "The Slug," "The Widow's Cruise," "Mrs. Balaam" (she had a husband), "The Dead Buzzard," "Champagne Charlie," "Titwillow," "Martin Gale," "Ananias Smith," "Truthful James," "The Flea" (it rhymed with his name), "Kidney Beans" (Sidney James) hardly demand any explanation. It is quite true that almost every nick-name most admirably fits the subject, and, of course, I think it is always a bit of a certificate, and that those who have them usually are good chaps.

\* \* \* \*

**A**s a good many people know, the Australian horse can buck a bit sometimes, but he seems to have done a bit extra at a show given for Australia's cattle king, Sir Sidney Kidman, for I read:—

"Thirty persons were injured by the flying hoofs of galloping horses and a hundred others sustained minor injuries."

I have seen them buck their saddles off, but hoofs as well . . . my hat!

# THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



## SEPTEMBER, 1932

16th to 30th inclusive

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>16th <b>Racing.</b> Ayr and Windsor. Highland Gathering, Northern Meeting, Inverness. <b>Shows.</b> National Rose Society, Horticultural Hall.</p> <p>17th <b>Racing.</b> Windsor, Bogside and Leopardstown. <b>Swimming.</b> A.S.A. 100 yds., Manchester. Men's High Fancy Diving Championship, Torquay. <b>Motoring.</b> Middlesex County A.C. Lady Drivers' Competition. <b>Bowls.</b> Tournament, Worthing.</p> <p>19th <b>Racing.</b> Leicester, Edinburgh and Colwall Park Steeplechases. <b>Lawn Tennis.</b> Open Tournament, Gleneagles.</p> <p>20th <b>Racing.</b> Edinburgh, Leicester &amp; Tuam Meetings. <b>Archery.</b> Open Bow Meeting, Bath.</p> <p>21st <b>Racing.</b> York, Galwick and Limerick. <b>Fairs.</b> Woodbury Hill, Dorset. Bridgwater, Somerset.</p> <p>22nd <b>Racing.</b> Gatwick and Limerick Meetings. <b>Shows.</b> Open Air Plants and Roses, Horticultural Hall.</p> | <p>23rd Autumn commences. <b>Racing.</b> Newbury &amp; Lanark Meetings.</p> <p>24th <b>Racing.</b> Newbury &amp; Lanark. <b>Motoring.</b> British Racing Drivers' Club 500 miles Race, Brooklands. Festival of Light commences, Blackpool. <b>Angling.</b> Festival, Southend-on-Sea. All-England Fishing Championship, River Soar, Leicestershire.</p> <p>26th <b>Racing.</b> Hamilton Park, Southwell and Wye Steeplechases. <b>Lawn Tennis.</b> Open Tournament, Felixstowe. <b>Swimming.</b> A.S.A. County Water Polo Final, Birmingham</p> <p>28th <b>Racing.</b> Newmarket, Monmouth and Perth Hunt Steeplechases. <b>Shows.</b> Royal Ulster Agricultural, Belfast.</p> <p>29th Michaelmas. <b>Racing.</b> Newmarket, Listowel, Monmouth and Perth Hunt Steeplechases.</p> <p>30th <b>Racing.</b> Newmarket and Thirsk Meetings. <b>Swimming.</b> L.C.C. (staff) S.C. Gala, Lambeth.</p> |
|---|---|

**PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.**



WELCOME FLYING GUESTS FROM OVERSEAS

Some of the airmen and airwomen who accepted the invitation to spend a week-end touring England, which was proffered by British fliers as a small return for the hospitality extended to them in foreign countries. From left to right are—Fraulein Eilly Beinhorn, the famous German pilot, who flew to Australia; Herr Leo Lammertz and Fraulein Wirtz, also from Germany; and Count and Countess Bernard Skorzewski, from Poland. Heston was the landing-ground, and a cup awarded for the first arrival after midday was presented by Colonel Shelmerdine to Count Skorzewski.

## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

### 'Plane or Coloured.

**E**DUCATED English people are gradually abandoning the idea that all foreigners are "funny." Or, more correctly, they are beginning to realise that they themselves are funnier still. In Great Britain the ladies (God bless 'em!) and the men (God help 'em!) are excruciatingly funny in their costumes and customs and in the mucosic gargling which is their nearest approach to human speech. In this matter of natural national comedians we can give a Roland for an Oliver; a burst-mattress moustache for a pair of button boots; a barrage of beads for a crimped green hat and tiers of teeth for rolling-sea whiskers. Nothing seems funnier to the English than the foreigner; nor to the foreigner than the English. O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as some of our Continental neighbours see us! It would then be necessary to insure against death by laughter, a sort of cachinnatory calando.

It is the same in aeroplanes, as the Europa Rundflug, whose results have recently received official confirmation, clearly shows. Aeroplanes have their button boots and their burst-mattress moustaches, as well as human beings, and, although it may be possible to evoke paroxysms of mirth from an English pilot merely by placing a foreign aircraft before him, it is equally possible to achieve the same result with a transposition of nationalities. The only difference is that the foreigner is usually too polite to show his feelings.

It will be as well, therefore, to examine closely the aircraft that did well in the Europa Rundflug, not in order to find out where they appear "funny," but where they suggest new and useful lines of thought in aircraft for private owners.

### Britain's Share.

**F**irst, however, there are the British engines. And here a certain puffing up is permissible. The winning RWD-6, flown by Mr. Zwirko, has an Armstrong-Siddeley Genet Major engine of 140 h.p., and its success was in great measure due to the faultless running of that engine throughout the competition. When a real touring task is put before it, the Genet invariably shows that it is one of the finest light aeroplane engines in existence. Next to the engine there are the Handley Page wing slots and flaps. Wing slots and flaps secured throughout the Europa Rundflug their most notable victory.

The Genet Major engine and the wing slots and flaps therefore provided the British share in the winning machine. Let us now turn to other features. But first, lest any be



M. FREDERICK JAMAR  
Here are two more noted pilots who accepted British hospitality last week. M. Jamar flew from Belgium and Miss Southwick from France to take part in the Week-end Aérien



MISS SOUTHWICK

tempted to put a false construction upon what is about to be said, let it be clear that the excellence of British light aeroplanes is fully acknowledged. In the hands of experienced pilots they have done and are doing things which no other aircraft in the world could attempt to do. But—as Lord Apsley asked by implication in his outspoken article in the special flying number of *The Tatler*—are British light aeroplanes so suitable for the ordinary everyday pilot who has not the time to be constantly practising flying, even if he wished to do so? Is the British light aeroplane, as it is generally known, too expert? Is it like giving Miss Nervous Novice Lord Howe's racing Bugatti when she wants to go shopping?

While admitting the superlative excellence of British light aeroplanes in the hands of the right pilots, I would ask designers if they have done all they can to make them suitable for the rabbits. Look, for instance, at the speed range of the machines in the Europa Rundflug. The Heinkels had a speed range of one to four; their top speed being 152½ miles an hour and their low speed 38½ miles an hour. From 152½ to 38½! It is a speed range unapproached by any other travel aeroplane, British or foreign, in the whole world. Yet the ironical part is that the German machine obtained this amazing speed range by the use of a British invention, wing slots and flaps. Again, the RWD-6—the initials, by the way, are those of its designers—has side-by-side seating, yet its top speed is 133 m.p.h., and it has an amazingly low landing speed. Again these advantages must be attributed in large measure to the successful application of the same British invention, slots and flaps.

Are we in England making the best use of the knowledge we possess? As has been known for some time, a deliberate attempt is to be made in this country to offer a cheaper light aeroplane. That is a move in the right direction. But the machine should also have a much wider speed range than existing British machines. That is the chief lesson the Europa Rundflug should teach.

### Week-end Aérien.

**B**AD weather tried its best, but failed to mar the Week-end Aérien. Thirty-seven aircraft arrived at Heston, the majority being German. In all they represented five countries, France, Germany, Poland, Belgium, and Holland. The winner of the arrival contest was Skorzewski, who had been sitting up above for about six minutes awaiting the right moment to land. A French pilot had been doing the same, but landed a second too soon.

Enthusiasm and energy was shown by the organisers and officials, and the visitors were met by Colonel Shelmerdine, the Director of Civil Aviation, who has done so much to help the project forward. The bad weather interfered with the flying a good deal during the first part of the programme, and suggested that on future occasions—and it is to be hoped that there will be many—the programme should be rather less ambitious.



**ON BOARD AND ASHORE** in the Club House and elsewhere  
the most fitting hospitality is the full, generous flavour of Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

# PETROL VAPOUR : W. G. ASTON

## Is it Progress?

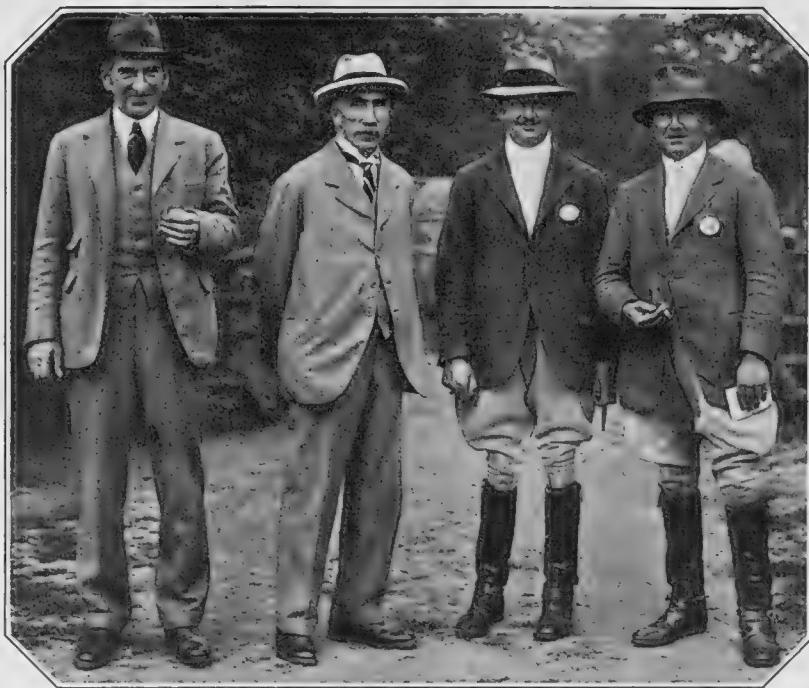
One of the interesting features about the vintage of 1933 cars, details as to so many of which have already been announced—though there are still a few names of note surrounded by a smoke-screen of mystery—is that they exhibit a tendency for the 4-cylinder engine to return to favour in the modest-priced, medium-powered type of vehicle. Simultaneously there is the curious fact that, at all events—so far as British manufacturers are concerned—the 8-cylinder motor has lost its vogue, though in America it is going as strong as ever. Now, as to the first, the small six could not possibly be described as a failure, and yet I know quite a number of owners who are giving it up and returning to the four. As to the reason why, they seem to be fairly unanimous. They complain that it won't "go." I suspect what they really mean is

that it does not convey the impression of "going" owing to its being so smooth and effortless right through the speed range. For my own part I am prepared to trust an accurate stop-watch rather than my own fancy, and this arbitrator rules, in general, that the small six goes, in respect of acceleration and maximum speed and so forth, just as briskly as the four of the same capacity. It is, however, rarely so good in fuel consumption, for which there is a perfectly good reason which, being technical, we need not bother about. But note the word "capacity." An evil effect of our tax system is that it penalizes cylinder multiplication. Thus an 11.9-h.p. six is actually a considerably smaller and consequently weaker engine than an 11.9-h.p. four. An 11.9-h.p. eight would be smaller and weaker still. This is rather a pity, but it is hard to see how it can be helped. In these circumstances the six is prejudiced in two directions, not only does it suffer from a higher rate of taxation but it also suffers from the effects of its inherent virtues. I cannot pretend to be a 4-cylinder enthusiast (though I readily grant that there are several small fours that run like steam turbines once they are under way), but facts are facts, even if they do show that a big section of the motoring community is very illogical. A few quid spread over the year is not much, but it buys a better kind of motoring.

\* \* \*

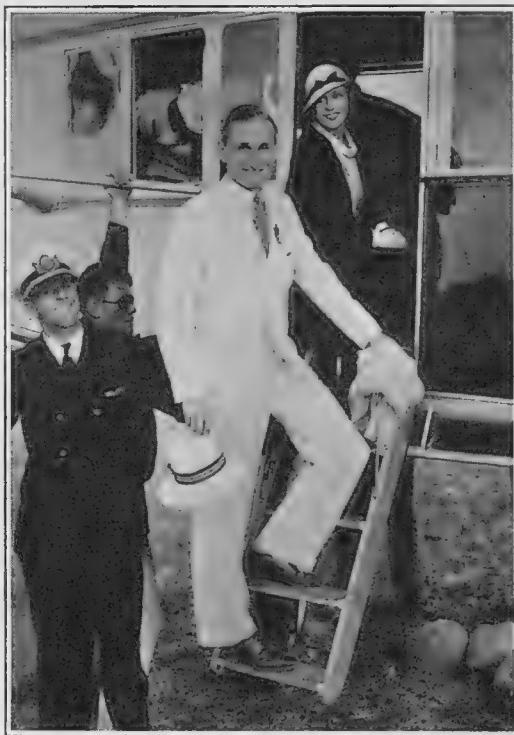
New Austin.

For all these reasons, apart from its intrinsic importance, the new Austin Light Twelve-Four is singularly



AT THE SOUTHWOLD HUNT RACES

These races were run with big success over Scrimby Manor Park, and this hard-working group of people were principally responsible for the good results achieved. The names, left to right, are: Major H. Hartley (the Master of the South Wold), Major W. H. Rawnsley, who used to hunt the Wednesday and Saturday countries, Major Newman (Scrimby Manor), and Major T. Jessop, who is now huntsman



AT THE RECENT OLYMPIC GAMES: LORD BURGHLEY AND MISS NOLA LUXFORD

Lord Burghley and Miss Nola Luxford from New Zealand snapped before going up in the airship, "Volunteer," to watch the rowing races of the Olympic games. Lord Burghley needs no introduction. Miss Luxford recreated over the radio each midnight the events of the day, the broadcast reaching New Zealand, Australia, Alaska, Canada, and millions in the United States. She is also the only New Zealand girl to have played leading rôles on the stage and screen in the States

interesting, as for the most part it is a modified version of the already well-established Twelve-Six, having the same wheelbase, the same body dimensions, practically the same specification, and I assume about the same weight. The Light Twelve-Four, which is not to be confused with the normal Twelve, costs just £20 less than the Twelve-Six. It is rated at 11.9 h.p., and has a 1,535 cc capacity, whereas the latter is of 1,496 cc capacity, and is rated 13.9 h.p. So far as I can recollect no manufacturer has previously turned out two models of different design principles, so "close together" that a direct comparison could be instituted. As to the Light Twelve-four itself it is a characteristically Austin production in every regard, than which it is scarcely necessary to say more. I am told that with its bigger body it has a road performance exactly analogous to that

of the Ten-Four. If that is the case, and there is no ground for doubting it, then I can heartily assure its potential patrons that they will have nothing to grumble about, for the Ten-Four was just about as lively a tit as I ever remember to have driven, though, for the likes of me, not quite sufficiently roomy. It is hard to believe that the marvellous little Seven is actually in its eleventh year of production, yet that is the fact. Big improvements have been made in it, whilst a few pounds have been neatly clipped off the price. Now it boasts a twin-top 4-speed gear-box which cannot fail greatly to enhance its scope, more foot-room for the driver (since the starter is now under the bonnet), a grouped instrument board—with electric petrol gauge and a big cubby hole—more powerful braking, and last, but perhaps best of all, a rear tank with a pump fuel supply. The new body styles include a tourer and a two-seater, in both of which roominess is well married to smart appearance. The latter now cost only 100 guineas.

\* \* \*

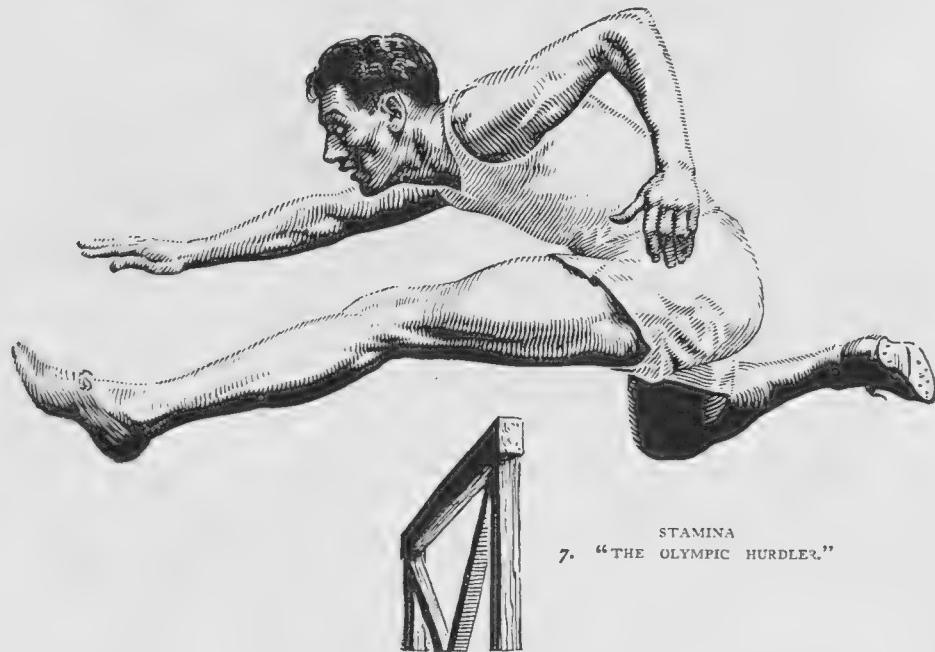
Still the Best.

Having a month or two ago announced a new easy gear change scheme for the 20-25-h.p. model, Rolls-Royce, Ltd., are henceforth fitting it to the 40-50-h.p. as well. This is almost like gilding refined gold, for the gear-change was never a difficult one, either up or down, and the old third was so perfectly quiet that it could often deceive you into thinking you were on top. However, there is no question that it is pleasant to be able just to prod the clutch and slap the lever to and fro as

(Continued on p. xx)

# STAMINA

**Super-endurance — the quality that  
protects your engine longest**



THE EXTRAORDINARY STAMINA OF PRATTS OIL PROTECTS EVEN HARD-DRIVEN ENGINES, LONG AFTER ORDINARY OILS WOULD HAVE BROKEN DOWN. PRODUCED BY THE BLENDERS OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST PETROLS — THE COMPANY OWNING THE WORLD'S RICHEST OILFIELDS.

## PRATTS MOTOR OIL

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AUSTIN 7 h.p. - - M.H.  
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MORRIS MINOR - M.H.  
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MORRIS OXFORD - M.H.  
MORRIS ISIS - M.H.



M.G. - - - - M.H.  
FRAZER NASH - - H.  
BUICK - - - M.H.  
CADILLAC - - - M.H.

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LANCHESTER - - M.H.  
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M.H. means Medium Heavy ; M. Medium ; H. Heavy.

SOLD ONLY SEALED

The correct grade for your engine is displayed in Pratts Motor Oil Cabinets at thirty thousand garages.

# THE PROBLEM

By HAL PINK

**E**VERY police force in the world has its problems. Every police officer in the world has his share of them. And if you took the trouble to search through official reports and statistics you would find to your probable amazement that most of the problems of the police have been successfully solved.

But there is one police problem that defies all comers. When it came, it rocked that man of iron, Sergeant Clancy of the Mounted, to his toes, and the repercussion knocked all the chairs from under all the legal gentlemen and left them floored, gasping, breathless, and utterly bewildered. In stunned astonishment those hitherto omniscient exponents of the White Man's Law turned to musty old files and ancient records, searching feverishly for a precedent upon which to fashion a decree. But they had no luck. Not the slightest gleam of light illuminated the gloom. History could not present a single parallel case.

The cleverest brains in the world puzzled over this problem. Perhaps the reader would like to try.

Sergeant Clancy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police halted his dog-team just inside the stockade of Scot McDougall's trading store in the Kandik Valley. He fed each yelping malamute with dried fish from the bag lashed to the sled, kicked off his snowshoes, and walked into the outstretched arms of old Scot himself.

"Hello, Sergeant! It's good to see you again, man! Round again on the long patrol, eh? I heard your dogs comin' in." The grizzled little factor of the store thumped him good-naturedly on the shoulders, and Clancy, grinning, thumped him genially in return.

"By gar, Scot! You don't look a day older, darn your measly old hide."

Together they tramped across the snow and into the long, low-roofed shack that was the social centre of the Kandik country, that white wasteland up there beyond the fringe of civilization, where gold nuggets are more frequently seen than police officers. Clancy came here once every six months; it was the most southerly point of his circular patrol which embraced 500 miles of territory. Two visits a year. This was his winter visit, and now he brushed the crystal of breath-ice from his moustache, kicked the caked snow from his leather footgear, which the natives of the Northland call *muck-lucks*, and slapped his mittened hands together for warmth.

At the door old Scot halted him with an exclamation.

"Och, what an old fool I am. I forgot my best piece o' news. I've a visitor here, and he is waitin'—for you!"

"For me?" Clancy stared in surprise.

"For you," confirmed Scot. "A big man. A Swede. Got here two days ago. Came four hundred miles without dogs to see you."

Four hundred miles without dogs in mid-winter is a man-size trip. Clancy was interested.

"Let's have a look at this bird ——"

He pushed past Scot, and looked down the length of the store room, with its long counter, its stolid Indians chaffering with Scot's assistant over the price of wolverine pelts, its boxes and bales and heaps of furs and sides of bacon and ammunition, and the thousand and one things which littered the shelves and overflowed on to the floor. There, down at the end of the room, seated by the glowing Yukon stove, he saw the visitor.

Clancy approached. The visitor looked up. Clancy saw a big man whose face was vaguely familiar. A fringe of golden beard framed his cheeks and chin, but it seemed curiously short, as though of only a few weeks' growth. The visitor rose from his seat, and came to meet Clancy. For a big, wide-shouldered man he moved with amazing ease in the constricted area of the store. But it was his eyes that stood out as the salient feature of the man. Blue and guileless, they held a look of dumb perplexity, of patient suffering, of constant inquiry, and now they stared questioningly at the sergeant.

"My name is Clancy of the Mounted. You wished to see me?" The sergeant was a big man, but he had to look up to this giant.

The other nodded. "I ban come a long way to see you," he said, simply. "Down at Forty Mile Post I ask where I find Trooper Clancy of der Royal North-West Mounted. Der men at Forty Mile say Kandik. I come."

"It sure is a long trip, stranger," commented Clancy, with a laugh, "but ain't you a bit out in your reckoning? I was Trooper Clancy. Sergeant now. And the force has been known as the Royal Canadian Mounted these last fifteen years."

"Fifteen years," said the other, "that ban right."

"The way you talk reminds me of the time I first came north of Forty Mile to bring in my first murderer," said Clancy; then, as the light of recognition came into his eyes, "well, if it ain't ——"

"Ya. I ban der man you take in. I ban Sigrid," said the big Swede. "Fifteen years. Dot is what you get for der life imprisonment."

"Sure, I thought I knew your face." Clancy put his unmittened hands on his hips, pushing back the fur *parka* jacket to show the scarlet uniform coat and the holstered revolver at his belt. His voice was casual, but he was watching the Swede like a hawk-watches prey. Many a good policeman has paid with his life for the hatred accumulated by an embittered man over long years in close confinement. Clancy was taking no chances; from the corner of his eye he observed his old friend, old Scot McDougall ostentatiously polishing the barrel of a shotgun nearby and knew he would have an ally if there was to be trouble.

But Sigrid the Swede showed no signs of truculence.

"I ban come to tell you one thing. You was der man who arrest me for der murder of my partner, Jim Lassiter. I come to tell you I did not kill him."

"Is that all?"

"Ya, I did not kill him. Those witnesses who identify der body made a mistake. Der body was not my partner Jim. He already make der trip outside to Seattle. But der lawyers in der court all say I kill Jim. Now I come out of prison. Der lawyers I cannot find. I come to tell you."

Clancy remembered the case clearly now. It was his first big murder case when, as a new-comer to the ranks of the scarlet police, he had braved his first Northland winter to bring in Sigrid the Swede. True the man protested at the time against arrest, but put up no physical resistance, and Clancy made his capture successfully. Most men knew Sigrid the Swede, the bull of a man with the heart of a child, as one of the best trail-mates in the Northland. But three men identified the body which was fished out of the Tanana River as that of Jim Lassiter. Sigrid was his partner. They had been seen together recently. Sigrid appeared at Forty Mile with a heavy bag of gold-dust. He was suspected of having killed and robbed his partner, and that is the major crime in the land of the Long Cold. Round the camp-fires of the meat-eaters on the frozen top-trails that winter fifteen years ago, men shook their heads and swore that no matter what faith you put in your fellow men, you were sure to be disappointed.

The man must be mad, nursing a delusion, thought Clancy. Best to humour him.

"Well, Sigrid, you have found me and you have told me," said Clancy, jocosely. "What's the next move, old-timer?"

Sigrid nodded his great head. "I try to find Jim Lassiter now."

"If you did find him the laugh would be on the Mounted, sure enough," said Clancy.

"Ya. It would be der big surprise for you all," replied the Swede. He turned and reached for his snowshoes and pack. "I go now."

Scot McDougall hustled forward. Visitors were rare in the Kandik, and this one a heaven-sent diversion. "Och, man, bide a bit longer! Ye are as welcome as the flowers in Spring!" Then as the Swede showed no signs of staying: "Won't ye have a meal with us before ye go?"

Sigrid was deaf to his protestations. Pressing a 5-dollar bill into the factor's hand, he said, "To pay for der food I eat here. I go now."

Without another word he moved towards the door, and passed through.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Sergeant Clancy.

A year passed. And then the half of a year. Summer, the miraculous fourteen weeks of sub-arctic summer, came to the

(Continued on p. xii)



Outdoor Sports illustrated  
by well-known artists  
Rugby Football

*Specially drawn by H. Coller*

# For Health, Strength and Vitality

RUSH and tackle—line-out and scrum—every inch of ground is relentlessly contested. Victory can only be gained by physical fitness and energy added to determination and that "will-to-win" which is of supreme importance.

In everyday life, physical fitness and nervous vitality are just as necessary. To maintain that perfect health of mind and body, correctly balanced nourishment is necessary—such as "Ovaltine" supplies in abundant measure and in a correctly balanced and easily digested form. That is why leading athletes, as well as those who work with hand or brain, make delicious "Ovaltine" their daily beverage.

"Ovaltine" supplies the concentrated nourishment extracted from Nature's best foods—specially prepared malt extract, fresh liquid milk and new-laid eggs. It contains no added sugar to cheapen both price and quality. There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing "just as good."



## 'OVALTINE'

Tonic Food Beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P 819



Miss Isabella Rieben, the young champion of Wales, who will probably start favourite in the Girls' Championship which opens to-day (September 14) at Stoke Poges

I BELIEVE that some enterprising firm ought to patent a little golfing reminder—you know, the sort of things that careful housewives hang in their kitchens of What to Order To-day, where you turn an accusing red finger to lentils or lard, soda, or soap. There ought to be something similar to remind golfers of entries to Central England Mixed Foursomes; "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes, English Championship, Worplesdon Foursomes. English Championship entries, of course, are done with. Central England Mixed Foursomes actually close to-day, but I have a notion that if one were to ring up 10 Woodhall that an entry might be accepted and, if so, you are quite certain to enjoy yourself right royally the following week. Miss Grace Amory, the American girl who is adventuring into the Girls' Championship to-day, is going on to Woodhall, with Captain Amcotts Wilson from Addington as her partner. Then there are Mr. Straker and Mrs. V. G. Davies—which ought to be put round the other way, because Woodhall always gives place aux dames, and Miss Livingstone and Mr. Jack Thompson,



Now on her way to America : Miss Enid Wilson, who set sail on Monday last to have another crack at the American Women's Open Championship. Here's wishing her the best of fortune

## EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

and Miss Jessie Snook and Dr. Sparrow, and Miss Newell and Mr. Cradock-Hartopp. Miss Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp looked as if they were going to win the Scottish Foursomes at Cruden Bay last June. Perhaps the Mixed Foursomes will have just the little extra turn of luck which will take them through. Entry for the Autumn Foursomes is not quite so desperate, they do not close until to-morrow; but in case anybody should be frantically searching through "Britannia and Eve" for an entry form, as I have heard of somebody doing, may they just be reminded that "The Bystander" has taken over all "Britannia and Eve's" golfing activities and the coupon now resides in the pages of "The Bystander."



Over from Ireland to compete in the Girls' Championship : Miss Rhoda Keamey

The address is just the same and the quality of the entry is higher than ever.

Worplesdon will be the next flutter, but it is no good mentioning closing dates for that because there is always such a crush to get in that the only thing to tell anybody is to enter instantly, if possible by wire, and hope that all the world and his wife (or his best partner) has not entered in front of you.

It is thoroughly satisfactory when a young county champion manages to live up to her new honours for the rest of the season. Not all of them can do it, but Miss Mary Johnson has never ceased to show herself a worthy successor of Miss Mabel Wragg as Yorkshire champion. Her latest win was at the Moortown open meeting. The weather was atrocious (let us hope the exact contrary of what "The Bystander" Northern Foursomes

will have there next April), so that really low scoring was not on the map of possibilities. But Miss Johnson did all that it was her business to do with 82, which won the scratch prize, and only missed the senior handicap by two strokes, Mrs. Fulford, from Aldwoodley, heading the net list with 88—12=76. Miss Johnson lost the tie for second handicap prize to Miss Gresham of Leeds Municipal, who had the better homeward half under handicap. Miss Judith Fowler was second for the scratch prize with 84.

Handicap match play tournaments, which are one of the best of events for those who take part in them, can also be remarkably interesting to the outside world if the players concerned have something more than local fame. With Norfolk in for the county finals next week it is natural to focus on what the champion of that county has been doing up at Sheringham. Miss M. Kerr, the younger of the two sisters, and the one who was playing in the American Championship last year, holds the Norfolk Championship now, and she, her sister Miss V. Kerr, and Miss Jean Forsyth were all playing at Sheringham Autumn Meeting, all on a handicap of 4. They duly reached the semi-finals, and there Miss Marjorie Kerr had a terrific struggle before she could give 10 strokes to Miss Sugden, and win at the 19th hole.

Miss Forsyth beat Miss Violet Kerr by 5 and 4, and then went on to defeat her sister by 4 and 2. Miss Forsyth is one of those players who were always expected to win the Girls' Championship, and never quite did it, but she played extremely good golf when she and Mrs. Bott went through to the final in the London Foursomes this spring, so perhaps this is going to be a milestone forward and Ashdown Forest see her in fine form.

Talk of the Girls' Championship and you naturally think of the holder, Miss Pauline Doran, who will have a try this week to do what no girl has ever done before, and that is to win three successive Girls' Championships. Of course, Miss Diana Fishwick might have done it in 1929, but she elected to stand out and Miss Nan Baird (one of the holders, by the way, of the Autumn Foursomes at the minute) stepped in. Miss Doran has not had a very successful year so far, for she failed to qualify for the Surrey Championship or for the Open, the latter owing to an attack of influenza, and there will be very stout opposition against her at Stoke Poges. Supposing the American girl should not prove formidable, there are still Miss Peggy Grant, who meets Miss Amory in the first round; Miss Enid Pears, who took Miss Doran to the 20th last year; Miss Lulu Esmond, who so nearly beat Miss Diana Fishwick in this year's French Championship, and Miss Isabella Rieben, who holds the Welsh Championship. Even if Miss Doran could play as well as she did when she beat Miss Regnart and Mrs. Guedalla in last year's English Championship, she will find any of these players well worthy of her steel; in fact, one rather fancies that Miss Rieben or Miss Esmond could play just as good golf as the Girls' Championship has ever seen.

*On  
barren  
soil  
good  
seed  
is thrown  
away . . .*



Anti-knock fluid alone  
cannot make  
good fuel

The finest anti-knock agent known is tetraethyl-lead—but it can, of itself, do but little good to an indifferent petrol.

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Plus a little something  
some others haven't got

# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

ASSEMBLED in the pleasant salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Leeds, are veritable triumphs of the dressmaker's art that have been designed and carried out by notable creators of modes. Great consideration has been shown to the foundation garments; there is an affair with a high diaphragm control; it overcomes what has wittily been called the "Velasquez roll" of flesh that endeavours to appear in the vicinity of the normal waist-line



PICTURES BY BLAKE



A STUDY in contrasts are the dresses on this page from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Leeds. The one on the right is ideal for the débutante for dancing or any gay evening function; it is carried out in net and decorated with the new organ pipe ruching; in small sizes in all the fashionable shades it is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  guineas. Again, there are velvet frocks in which the empire line is present for  $8\frac{1}{2}$  guineas; other characteristic features of them are the epaulette sleeves, the yoke vest, and handsome sash. It is difficult to do justice to the dress on the left; it is destined for the woman who, although not as slight as she would wish, appreciates the advantages of harmony of proportions; there are many different occasions on which it may appropriately be worn. It is expressed in georgette and brocaded with velvet or, to give it its proper name, faonné; in it the whole gamut of brown shades, from a chestnut to an elusive Kent cob nut, are present; it is 18 guineas, or it could be copied in black or coloured ring velvet for  $12\frac{1}{2}$  guineas, or in satin for  $10\frac{1}{2}$  guineas



**Miss Joan Marsh wears Ciro Pearls, chosen not only  
for the sake of their beauty but for her own!**

This charming photograph is straight from Hollywood and shows the M-G-M featured player wearing her double necklace of Ciro Pearls—Beautiful as it is, the complete necklace costs only £2.2.0.  
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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

—continued

No, the frock worn by Marjorie Brooks in "The Night of the Garter" at the Strand Theatre is not a study in black and white, but in green and white; the former is a new colour that in some lights looks black and in others a deep bottle green. The sheath skirt, which clings to the figure, is arranged in sections showing the light and the shiny surface; the white blouse is caught at the throat, and below this fastening is a triangular hiatus centred with a double-headed emerald and diamond pin; the tunic coat and hat are white, the latter enriched with coques feathers. Jane Welsh chose a duck-egg blue crépe ensemble with a pink cross-over blouse with short sleeves, her coat being collared with pink fox. Never has Violet Loraine looked more charming than in "Over the Page" at the Alhambra when singing her famous war songs. Her princess dress is of a delicate mauve nuance with a cape collar; it is quite narrow in front, but extends to the waist at the back; she also wears a spray of violets and a diamond necklace. Earlier in the revue she appears in a white frock outlined with fur. June is seen in a white empire dress with a narrow berthe and blue ribbons at her waist; it suits her well.



It is difficult to convey in words the subtle changes that are taking place in the world of fashion; they are, however, mirrored in the illustrations on this page, which have passed the censorship of Corot, 33, Old Bond Street. This artist in dress has a particularly enviable reputation not only for adapting models to suit her clientele but for creating them; the surroundings are so artistic that it is a pleasure to replenish one's wardrobe there. It must be mentioned that payment on the instalment system prevails; it is very simple, should a dress or coat cost 7 guineas, well 1 guinea is paid down, followed by six monthly payments of 1 guinea. Reverting to the illustrations, as will be noticed in the velvet frock on the right, empire and princess lines are seen in happy unison, the vest and scarf are honey-coloured velvet, and the sleeves are gored; this is a bald description of such a desirable affair. The coat on the left is of a new wool material with a honeycomb surface, the tippet, the major portion of the sleeves, and the cravat scarf being of real Persian lamb; the smart corded hat is enriched with white roulleaux. It is to be regretted that it was impossible to show the black elephant skin frock in its entirety as it is a study on graceful lines; the white lancer feather cape is collared with black, a decidedly new note, and may be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the wearer.



X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH  
BY A. B. GOSS, M.S.R.



See what the X-rays revealed  
Pyorrhœa is shown in all the teeth. Note the deformity of the roots and the demarkation of same showing shrinkage.

*She has cleaned her teeth for the last time—*

## TO-MORROW they must come out!

Unobserved . . . unchecked, grim Pyorrhœa pursues its relentless course, breaking down gum tissues, attacking the bony tooth sockets and surrounding membranes until precious, sound teeth become loose and must be extracted, until beauty, comfort, even health may be lost for ever.

Soft, receding gums that bleed easily may warn you of this approaching menace, but often only the X-rays can with certainty reveal the existence of this dread disease that is contracted by four out of five people past the age of forty.

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**B**RÄEMÄR Knit-wear is famous all the world over as it is practically perfect; its characteristic features are harmonious colour schemes, the glove-like fit over the shoulder, the shaped arm-hole, which exactly takes the arm, and in the neck-line new notes are introduced. It is produced by Innes, Henderson and Co., Hawick, and sold practically everywhere



Models.  
Braemar



PICTURES  
by BLAKE

**B**RÄEMÄR is the name borne by the models on this page. The pull-over above has the new shaped collar; it lies quite flat and is really built into the garment. The one on the right at the top has a V neck. The cardigan on the left has the ultra-smart simulated lapels. The outfit at the top of the page on the left has been designed for sports and country wear in general

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PH.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

GOWN BY ASPREY

# DINNACLES OF Footwear Fashion



SILVER shoes do not entirely but almost hold the field, as particularly desirable models built of white crêpe and satin await the attention of the dyer in order that they may match the dress. Abbott, 324, Oxford Street, who are responsible for the footwear portrayed on this page, are specialising in silver shoes for 16s. 9d., those of silver kid being 30s. The sandal at the top of the page is known by the name of the "Pamela," and in subtly mingled satin and crêpe is 16s. 9d.; a charge of 2s. 6d. extra is made for dyeing. The court crêpe shoe on the left is available in all the modish shades, and although its charm is increased with a lace bow the cost is merely 12s. 9d.; the silver court shoe to the right is 16s. 9d. The crêpe court shoe embroidered with silver is 25s. 9d.; this shoe is also seen on the feet of the seated figure, who is wearing an angel skin satin frock from Marshall and Snelgrove, Harrogate. The satin sandal known by the name of "Dawn" on the right is 21s. 9d., or in gold or silver kid, 30s. "Barretta" is the name of the two-bar satin shoe at the base with elastic insets; it costs 21s. 9d., it is smart and comfortable.

PICTURES BY BLAKE

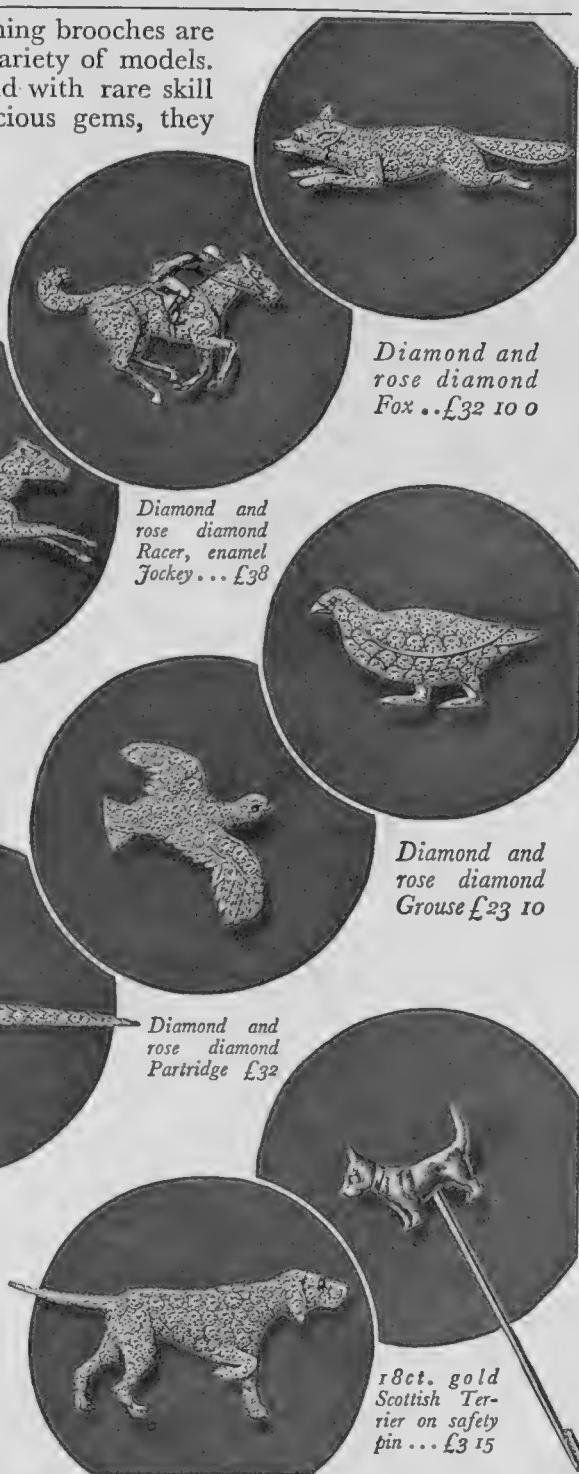
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DEMAYER

**The correct make-up could have saved a fallen star...!**

- Elizabeth Arden saw a play the other evening. An incident that occurred corroborated her confidence in her colour co-ordination idea. This is what happened:
- In the first scene the heroine wore a blue gown. She looked divine, because her make-up harmonized perfectly with her costume. Everyone in the audience whispered, "Isn't she beautiful?" "A lovely creature!" In the next scene she wore an orange dress, but neglected to change her make-up. The audience sensed immediately that something was wrong. "What is the matter with that girl? She seemed so fascinating in the last scene. What has she done to herself?" But Miss Arden, who heard all these comments around her, knew that it was a sin of omission rather than commission. Something the actress had failed to do had resulted in her losing her audience.
- Elizabeth Arden urges you to profit by this example of bad taste and bad judgment. You can wear any colour...of course you can... but you must remember always to use the co-ordinating lipstick and other make-up accessories with it. Miss Arden's Lipstick Ensemble has become as indispensable to the smart woman's dressing table as the mirror itself. Six lovely, exquisitely smooth, indelible lipsticks, in six different, important shades... and you need them all!

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## Polo Notes—continued from p. 446

tremendous progress which has been made and as to the enthusiasm. Everyone, I am sure, will agree that Australia has established as good a claim as India or any other part of our Empire to be considered as a recruiting area for future Internationals. Our big difficulty is that our material is so scattered, and that three of our most promising sources of supply, India, Australia, and Egypt, are separated from our concentration centre (England) by so many miles of the salt-sea waves. That is a rather big problem to solve. In our friends the enemy's country, U.S.A., this is not so, and though all the polo players in America do not live in Long Island, they have their available forces within far easier distance of call than we have. Another thing is that their men and their ponies live under one set of climatic conditions—ours don't. India's coral strand, Egypt's sandy breezes, and Australia's quite different conditions all enter into the problem and add to the complexities. To collect a team from these places and England, and weld it into an undefeatable whole, is, of course, a thing we should all like to see done; but to get A from India, B from Egypt, C from Australia, and D from Tidworth is a task whose difficulty scarcely needs stressing. It would be a marvellous thing to do, but to do it properly, A, B, C, and D would have to be together for a year plus E, F, G, and H the next best, and perhaps also I and J as well. Individual brilliance is excellent so far as it goes, but a polo team consists of four people who have got to work as one. It is no use four stars trying to play four good players who are a team. Nine times out of ten the former are on a good hiding to nothing. However, let us hope that it may be possible to skim the cream when next we set about forming an International team.

**A**s a last flicker from the Continent an interesting letter arrives from Mr. Richard Weininger, who is a great enthusiast, and who gives us the following news about the season they have had at Augsburg, where I understand they have some quite first-class grounds. Mr. Weininger writes: "We had twenty players here, and played on eighteen days out of thirty-one in July; not a bad record. We had from England Major Charles Gairdner, the famous 7-goal player from the 10th Hussars; Lieut.-Colonel Derek Richardson, also late of the 10th; Major John M. Graham, late of the Royal Scots Greys, who managed this invitation tournament. From France came Mr. Macaire, a very well-known Bagatelle player, also Mr. Davey and the Marquis Basily-Sampieri; from Austria, Baron Pantz; from Chile the well-known Baron Raul Schroeders; while we had here, besides myself, Prince Fugger, his son (Count Fugger), a very promising beginner, and Captain Hesselberger. I am sending you some photos which might interest the polo editor of THE TATLER, and it would naturally help the game immensely if you would be kind enough to have something published about this tournament, because I want to have another one in 1933 on a bigger basis, and players are being encouraged by publication in THE TATLER. We also had from Hungary five active cavalry officers under the command of Major Fluck, with sixteen Government-owned perfect polo ponies." Austria has ever been a country where anything which has to do with a horse has been popular, and though things have been very difficult ever since the War there are signs of a polo revival. The Vienna Polo Club, in which the Kinsky family take a prominent interest, is now, I hear, very flourishing, and outside teams have been attracted to their tournaments of recent years. Let us hope that with the generally-improved financial outlook in Europe things eventually will be better for all of us.



THE 1st BATTN. COLDSTREAM TEAM IN KHARTOUM  
The shade temperature was 115 deg. when this was taken, and Khartoum is not East of Suez. The names, left to right, are: Lieut.-Colonel L. M. Gibbs, Mr. R. F. S. Gooch, Lord Frederick Cambridge, and Sir Walter Barttelot. The 1st Battn. Rifle Brigade, who have done well at polo in India, are for Khartoum in the next trooping season

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**Twenty..1'- Fifty..2'6  
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*There are also  
Craven Plain Cigarettes:*

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# **CRAVEN "A"**

*made specially to prevent sore throats*

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MISS NORAH (BUNTY) PATERSON

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. William Paterson of 14, Hyde Park Terrace, W., who is to marry Mr. Huntly Strathern Gordon, the second son of the late Rev. the Hon. Arthur Gordon, D.D., of Edinburgh, and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Gordon of Heather Brae, near Farnham, Surrey

the 10th Mr. G. K. Dunning marries Miss H. L. Wood at St. Mary's Church, Martlesham, Suffolk; and another marriage in October is that between Commander J. G. Y. Loveband of H.M.S. Cardiff and Miss Joan Laurence.

## Recent Engagements.

Mr. Aveling Donald Aveling, the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. L. B. Aveling of Brockford, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, and Miss Frances May Warren-Codrington, the second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. O. Warren-Codrington, I.A., and Mrs. Warren-Codrington, Worthing House, Basingstoke; Dr. Thomas Valentine Cooper, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Kersey Cooper of Eden

## Marrying Abroad.

Some time in December Mr. John Edmund Jupp, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Jupp of The Covert, Elmstead, Chislehurst, late of Hong Kong, is marrying Miss Eveline Faith Drakeford, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Drakeford of Shanghai, and the marriage will take place in Shanghai.

\* \* \*

## Next Month.

Captain William Oswald Bowen, Royal Signals, and Miss Ethel Gwenllian Davies are being married on October 1; on

Lodge, Boyne Hill, Maidenhead, and Miss Ruth Mildred Evans, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Evans of Weeping Cross, Stafford; Mr. Derek Tinker, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Tinker of Morefield, Thongs Bridge, near Huddersfield, and Miss Rita Thomson, the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomson of Bournemouth, and Calcutta; Mr. James Frederick Bleasdale, the only son of Mrs. Bleasdale of Shrewsbury, Roedean, and Miss Margaret Eleanor Fraser, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fraser of Woody Bay, North Devon; Lieut.-Commander Donald A. Willey, R.N. (ret.), the second son of Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Willey of 36, Priory Road, Sheffield, and Miss Millie Joyce Russell, the elder daughter of Mr. Edgar Dodd Russell of Hampstead, N.W.; Mr. Basil Hugh Marriage, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Marriage of Gardners, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, and Miss Nancy Douglass Cloughton, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cloughton of Heyshott, Southwick, Sussex; Commander (E) Arthur Douglas Bonny and Miss Marjorie Florence Dunn, the only daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. F. Dunn of Southsea.



MISS J. CORAY AND MR. J. AGNEW

Snapped at Gleneagles Hotel recently. Their marriage will take place some time during October



MRS. DOUGLAS MAGOWAN

Who, before her marriage on September 10, was Miss Edna Doreen Peck, the elder daughter of Mr. Herbert W. Peck of Blundellsands, and formerly of Wallasey and Bromborough. Dr. Douglas Magowan of Mossley Hill, Liverpool, is the second son of Mr. James T. Magowan of Waterloo, Liverpool

# PASSY

## 10-17

### JAY'S ACQUIRE SOLE REPRESENTATION OF THIS IMPORTANT PARIS MODEL HOUSE

MESSRS. JAY'S Ltd. have made an arrangement with the famous Paris Model House, Passy 10-17 (originally founded by Mons. Paul Poiret), whereby they have acquired from Passy 10-17 the exclusive rights to reproduce, in London and the whole of Great Britain, the entire collection of wonderful models now designed by Madame Apolline and Monsieur Henri, the well-known creators for Passy 10-17.

Commencing from Monday, September 12th, they will exhibit daily in their Model Gown Salon a beautiful collection of Tailor-made Costumes, Two-piece Suits, Afternoon Gowns and Evening Toilettés, none of which can be seen elsewhere in Great Britain.

## PLEASE NOTE

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*The exquisite HARRIET HUBBARD AYER powders are blended by specialists from the finest ingredients. Among them you will find one which will give your complexion new loveliness.*

*For sensitive skins the pollen-light HARRIET HUBBARD AYER Powder, price 3/3, 6/3.*

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*For the skin inclined to shine—AYERISTOCRAT THEATRICAL Powder, price 2/3, 3/3, 6/3.*

*And BEAUTIFYING FACE POWDER—a wonderful powder for normal skins—scented with HARRIET HUBBARD AYER APRÈS TOUT Perfume, price 4/3.*

*All these powders are made in Flesh, White, Peach, Rachel, Ayerblonde, Ayerbrunette and French Rachel.*

*Stocked by the leading Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.*

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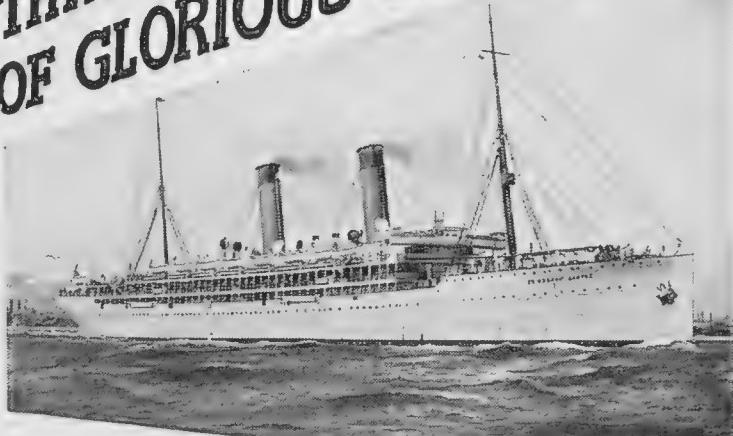
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## The Problem—continued from p. 470

Kandik country. Wide as the warm winds, the great plains rolled away to the southward, gashed across in the distance by the snow-topped barricades of the White Mountains. The sharp air, invigorating as champagne; the Kandik River, recovered from its Spring turbulence, but still vibrant with delight at shaking off chill winter's chains; the flowered acres that drenched the air with perfume; the brown birds shrieking their joy in the timber thickets; the bright-hued water-fowl gabbling, and the wild geese honking overhead; all these things shouted aloud of the miracle of the Northland, when the whistling blasts from the North Pole die down, and life and all green things creep slowly from the white shroud of 70 degrees below zero to a new existence.

Gone the dreadful, numbing silence, and the cold so intense that it can be *felt* like a tangible thing; gone the long, blue shadows on the snow, and the sleds, and the husky-dogs with frozen toes. It was summer, and all Nature rejoiced.

History repeated itself. Sergeant Clancy came again to the Kandik Valley. It was his summer visit, his third since the visit of the Swede, of whom old Scot still spoke.

They sat that late afternoon on the veranda outside the store, pipes lit, chairs tilted back against the wall. Suddenly, interrupting Scot's talk with an up-raised hand, Clancy looked across at the stockade gate.

Two men stood in the entrance.

"Strangers," said Scot McDougall.

"One of 'em is the Swede, Sigrid," said Clancy, slowly. But he was staring at Sigrid's companion.

Sigrid touched the man on the shoulder, and they came striding over to where Clancy stood. Sigrid's companion was a bearded man who seemed strangely uneasy. He looked up at the policeman, then away again.

"Howdy, Sigrid?" said Clancy.

"Glad to see ye," remarked old Scot. "Ain't walked up from Forty Mile again, have ye?"

To his surprise, the big Swede nodded.

"Ya. All der way from Forty Mile, and a lot farther, Jim Lassiter and me."

"Jim Lassiter?" Sergeant Clancy's eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Jim Lassiter?" echoed the grizzled old factor. Then—"He's right! This is Jim Lassiter or my name is not McDougall!"

"Ya. He Jim Lassiter all-right. You bet," said Sigrid the Swede. There was a new light in his eyes. The old dumb bewilderment was gone. The light of purpose shone there now.

"But—" Clancy paused, at a loss for words.

"How did ye find him?" gasped Scot McDougall.

In halting phrases Sigrid told him—of ceaseless questioning, of voyaging by tramp steamer to Valparaiso, across the ocean to Liverpool, back to Montreal, through the Kicking Horse Pass into British Columbia; of constant vigilance, of weary tramping when he could not afford to ride on trains; of enforced halts to do odd jobs to earn bread; of obstacles overcome; of clues that led so far and then vanished; of dope that sustained when all else seemed lost. It was an epic, his own tremendous Odyssey.

And at last, in the Skeena River Settlements, he had located the man he sought.

"I ban told you he was not dead," said Sigrid to Clancy. "I ban told you this fifteen years ago. I ban told der lawyers, und der judges, und der prison chaplain. But no one believe Sigrid. 'Der man is mad,' everybody say to themselves. Und now I prove I am right."

He tapped his former partner on the shoulder. "Tell him who you are."

The man moved uneasily. "Lassiter," he muttered.

"So you see," said Sigrid, triumphantly. "Here is der man you say I killed. You, Clancy, take me to prison for fifteen years for der killing of der man who is alive now. I have done der punishment. Now—" he jerked a Colt revolver from a hip-holster and shot Jim Lassiter through the heart where he stood—"now I have done der murder for which I have already been punished!" he thundered at the sergeant. "Der punishment first! Der crime second! What do you say to that?"



GOLF AT PISTANY

The second prize winners in the Selby-Lowndes mixed foursomes on the Pistany Autumn Gala Golf Week: Miss Alice Davis, daughter of Governor Dwight Davis, the donor of the Davis Cup of Washington, and Colonel Selby-Lowndes, who has presented a special challenge cup to the Pistany Golf Club of which he is a member of long standing



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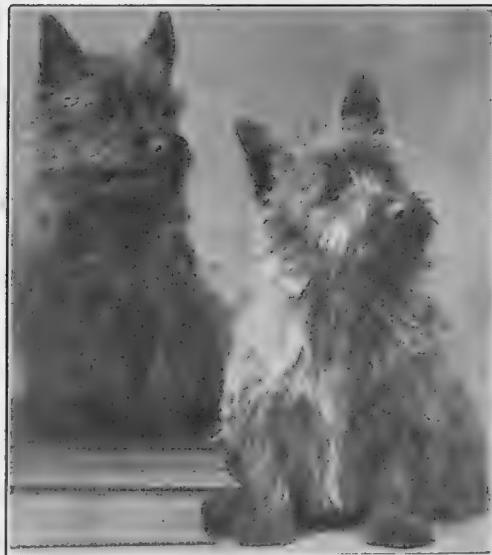


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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

It seems a long time till Christmas, but I want to ask members who have dogs and puppies they want mentioned in these columns to be sure and send their notices in early. Last year I had a spate of photographs and notes just before Christmas, and several members were disappointed because they did not get in. The pictures are taken in strict rotation; it is a case of "first come, first served," so the earlier members send them in the more sure they are to get a notice before Christmas.

The Inverness and North of Scotland Canine Association had a very successful show at Inverness on August 24. As usual, cairns topped the list, and were judged by Mrs. Douglas Clarke. Baroness Burton, president, attended the show and also Mrs. Henry Fraser. Ch. Dochfour Hendrik was awarded the special for the best dog in the show.



CAIRN TERRIERS  
The property of Mrs. Clarke

Thos. Fall



POEM OF BONNIECOTE  
The property of Mrs. Keevil

Mrs. Douglas Clarke has by care and thought built up a successful kennel of cairns. Her dogs are all descended from the best strains, and she has done a lot of winning with them. At the present time she has a number of puppies and young dogs for sale as companions. These can be seen at her home near Tunbridge Wells or by appointment in London.

The Bedlington is a dog which has come much into favour of late years. His appearance can best be described by that much-abused word "quaint," but he owns a sterling character, and is one of the gamiest terriers alive.

He emanated from the country round the Tyne, and the blood of old Border strains is found in him. He makes an excellent companion, and is often seen about. Mrs. O'Brien has a liver-coloured Bedlington terrier dog, not quite two years old, she would like to find a good country home for at a reasonable price. She says: "He is very well bred, but is not a show dog himself. He is house-trained, and has been brought up with three small children, has a very nice nature, and is quite friendly with other dogs." Mrs. O'Brien would also like to find a job for her head kennelman. He came to her from a well-known kennel and understands terriers and stripping them. He is absolutely honest and sober and a hard worker, and Mrs. O'Brien can thoroughly recommend him.

The black-and-tan terrier (miniature) is another breed that is making great progress. Mrs. Keevil is one of its admirers, and she has a number of dogs of all ages for sale at present. I quote from an article she wrote in "Our Dogs": "As a breed they are charming dogs with heaps to recommend them to anyone wanting a smart, intelligent pal, and where accommodation is limited. They are not too big, and their coats for the house are perfection. They do not make friends readily. As a house-dog they are second to none, and the Chief Constable

of a large town once told me that there is nothing a burglar dislikes more than a sharp black-and-tan. They are good ratters and extremely plucky."

I have an application from a member who wishes to help in either vet's or breeding kennels, as at the moment she has not a settled home. She would like to take her two golden cocker bitch spaniels with her and would go for a small salary. She is an experienced breeder of cockers and has done well with them.

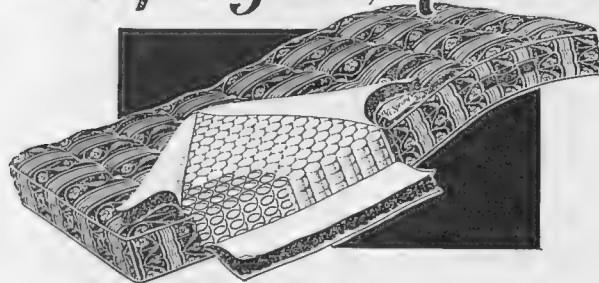
Letters to Miss BRUCE,  
Nuthooks, Cadnam,  
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BEDLINGTON TERRIER  
The property of Mrs. O'Brien

## The World's most luxurious and serviceable bed equipment

### *The 'Vi-Spring' overlay Mattress*

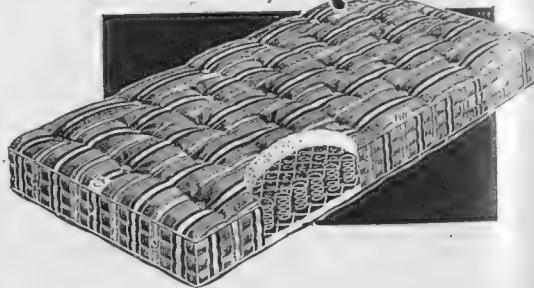


In these days when speed in manufacture has become a fetish, it is rare to find a thing built to such a singularly fine standard as the 'Vi-Spring' Overlay Mattress. Fine quality materials and precision of manufacture by craftsmen whose pride is in the deftness of their handwork, build into every 'Vi-Spring' a wonderful and unique soft resiliency that can never be obtained in the mass-produced, machine-made mattress. The 'Vi-Spring' used in conjunction with the 'Vibase' Mattress Support makes the World's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

The 'Vibase' is the ideal support for the 'Vi-Spring' or 'Vito' Mattresses. It prevents sagging and ensures the utmost resiliency to the overlay mattress. Fully upholstered and covered in tick-

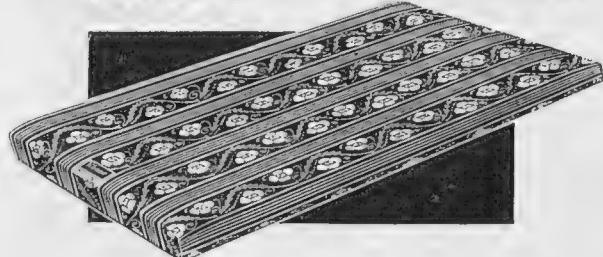
'Vi-Spring' products are sold and recommended by all reliable house furnishers, because they are made by manufacturers with a reputation of 30 years' standing as makers of the most luxurious and highest class mattresses in the World.

### *The 'Vito' overlay Mattress*



The 'Vito' is designed to meet the demand for a really comfortable spring interior overlay mattress, thoroughly reliable in service, yet extremely moderate in price. Its spring centre, placed between two generous layers of soft upholstery consists of hundreds of small springs—not in pockets. The unique shape and assemblage of these springs prevents their ever becoming displaced and ensures for the 'Vito' a strength and resiliency that makes it pre-eminent for lasting comfort and real hard service. Ask your house furnisher to show you the 'Vito-Vibase' combination.

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From the  
Children's  
Salons . . . .  
Third Floor

# Autumn Coats for the *Tiny People* in pretty, warm Velours, etc. by Debenhams



Lower Left Sketch.

Tiny boy's warm velour tweed coat in hyacinth blue.  
Size for 18 months - 65/9  
Size for 2 years - 69/6  
Hat to match - 25/9

Top Sketch.

Baby girl's ivory washing corduroy coat. Warmly lined, daintily trimmed with light brown fur.  
For 3 months to 2 years - 59/6  
Bonnet to match - 27/6

Lower Right Sketch.

Little girl's pretty powder blue velour coat trimmed white fur. Warmly interlined.  
Size 16 inches 65/9  
Size 18 inches - - 69/6  
Bonnet to match - 27 6

**Debenham & Freebody**  
WIGMORE STREET, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

## Racing Ragout

(continued from p. 440)

picture house, and the horse on which he and Ralph Lynn were portrayed on the hoarding outside was truly a horror. It is the worst of bad luck that his horse should have hit himself and interfered with his preparation, as through Dastur he must have won the Leger if fighting fit. Let us hope that he will credit him with a Gold Cup next year.

The rest of the racing was of no very absorbing interest. Colorado Kid, as usual, after looking like being beaten out of sight, came at the finish to win the first race, and this is one of the gamest horses in training. Two-year-olds are at an advantage with their seniors at weight for age at this time of the year, and being able to get Rosen to ride, Nothing Daunted beat the crack platers in the selling race. Camberwell Beauty may not be very much, but a note should be made of Cawdor, who ran second to her, and was perhaps very unlucky. The Font seemed to be sore going to the post, and didn't show his form. Sandy Lashes was backed like settling need not be thought of, but like his stable companion, Codicil, ran very badly, and may do better when the going is deeper. Old Boldero ran a great race, but there didn't seem to be anything of Cesarewitch class in the Rufford Abbey Handicap to make a note of.

Bookmakers, barring the big race, wouldn't do well on the meeting, but the welsher who ran did worse. Tripped up by a burly Tyke, the latter seized him by the tie and throttled him till his tongue protruded. Meanwhile the crowd twisted his arm till it broke before handing him over to the police, when it was found his pals had all the money and he'd had all the rough-housing for nothing. It all goes to prove that it's better to be a backer and not settle.

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### HYSTOGEN

(Established 1911)

40, Baker St., London, W.1



AT DONCASTER: LADY SYBIL GRANT AND LADY GALWAY

Some more of the big gallery at Doncaster on Leger day, which was perfection where the weather was concerned. Lady Sybil Grant is Lord Rosebery's sister, and Lady Galway is a sister of Lord Annaly

## Pictures in the Fire

(continued from p. 464)

Some one whom I know very well writes and says that I will not be surprised to hear that he has been made a full Colonel, I having seen him that way many times and oft (quite correct), sends me the following little literary effort from Hindu Hindustan: a letter the work of the village letter-writer who probably charged 4 annas for this priceless prose, written by an Ex-Line-Syce, wishing to be re-engaged in the Nth Battery, R.A.:

Sir,—Your humble petitioner is poor man in agricultural behaviour and much depends on Season for staff of life. Therefore he throws himself upon his families bended knees and begs of merciful consideration. Your humble petitioner was too ill last rains and was taking vernacular medicines which made great excavations in the coffers of your humble servant. That poor humble servant has large family of seven livers, two male and five female, last of whom is milking his parental mother, and another birth coming through the grace of god to second wife of bosom. Therefore he prays that if there is place ever so small in the back-door of the honourable Battery, this humble slave be allowed to creep in, for which benevolence your humble servant will as in duty bound ever pray.

This one from the station-master in charge of a tenth-rate Indian station in the midst of tiger-land in the Central Provinces is not bad:

Sir, Tiger is eating all native peoples (as per margin), kindly send bullet, for which as in duty bound I shall ever pray your humble servant.

This incident shows that that station-master was made of the stern stuff which commands success; for who could be other than a man of grim courage who, in the welter of slaughter caused by a tiger so fiercely hungry that he ate up all the railway porters and booking office clerks and intending passengers, never for one moment permitted himself to forget his departmental upbringing? Observe how he gave a detailed list of the corpses.

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the beautiful young actress now appearing in "Rhyme and Rhythm" at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, writes:

"IT was on the recommendation of my friend Stanley Lupino that I first took Phosferine—and how much I needed it! Apart from the natural anxiety of winning public favour, stage work is always strenuous and exacting, as we have to constrain our emotions and activities not as we ourselves feel, but as the character impersonated would. The strain is intensified, especially in the more active musical comedy, during hot, sultry weather, and it becomes physically exhausting to keep on the go for successive warm nights to crowded houses. For such lassitude and fatigue I have found Phosferine an infallible remedy. A few drops before or during the performance banishes all feeling of limpness and nerviness, and a dose last thing invariably quietens the nerves and ensures a restful night's sleep. All women workers will find, as I do, that the splendid invigorating effect of Phosferine gives one that admired fresh and youthful complexion, and also enough vitality to enjoy recreations."

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## ON VARIOUS LAWFUL OCCASIONS



AT BRIDES-LES-BAINS: SIR GEORGE AND LADY BETTESWORTH-PIGGOTT



AT AIX-LES-BAINS: MAJOR GEOFF HARBORD



IN OTTAWA: MR. H. A. GWYNNE AND MRS. W. G. PUGSLEY

The net was widely cast which collected all these pictures. His Honour Judge Sir George Bettesworth-Piggott and his wife were "curing" at that delectable spot in Savoie. After a distinguished career at the criminal bar Sir George Bettesworth-Piggott held many important judicial appointments, principally in Central and Eastern Africa. Major Geoff Harbord, well known in the racing and hunting worlds, was then keeping his weight down swimming in the lac du Bourget. Mr. H. A. Gwynne, the Editor of "The Morning Post," was in Ottawa for the recent Conference

## Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid  
and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability and lassitude.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking

hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



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This £100 Bungalow has 10 ft. by 10 ft. living room; 14 ft. by 8 ft. and 10 ft. by 8 ft. bedrooms; 8 ft. by 6 ft. kitchen and 6 ft. by 4 ft. store. A solid, beautifully finished building, lined throughout, supplied in sections from stock.

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Special Tour per R.M.S. "ORDUNA" from Liverpool, October 6th. Returning per M.V. "REINA DEL PACIFICO" due Liverpool, October 31st. 25 DAYS, including 1 DAY in BERMUDA. Fare: £50 1st class; £31 2nd class (hotel included).

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# YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

by

## REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on

the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

### A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 brand tablets, which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

A most interesting and absorbing book, beautifully illustrated, explains this important discovery in the most comprehensive manner. This book should be in the hands of every woman. It will be sent gratis and post free.

### WRITE FOR FREE BOOK which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

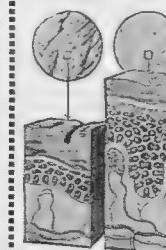
From John Bell & Croyden, 50 Wigmore St.; Savory & Moore Ltd., 143 New Bond St.; Squire & Sons Ltd., 413 Oxford St., W.; also obtainable through all branches of BOOTS, Lewis & Burrows, Heppells; and from Harrads, Army & Navy, Barker, Selfridges, Lewis's (Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester), and from all first-class Chemists or direct from GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO., 156 E. Oxford Street, London, W.1.



Price 21/- per box.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells, some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently appeal for £5 to give 5s. a week for coal and comforts to a bed-ridden woman, a great sufferer from rheumatoid arthritis. Her son and daughter live with her; she has a widow's pension, and the son contributes £1 a week, practically all his earnings. The daughter at present has to be at home to care for and nurse her mother. It is a very dull life for the girl, and soon it is hoped that arrangements will be made to let the girl go out to work. She is a Ranger and interested in her evening classes, and last summer we paid for her to have a fortnight's holiday, which did her a world of good. The Friends of the Poor want to help them over this coming winter.

\* \* \*

Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte announces that he will commence a short season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy Theatre on Monday, September 26. From several points of view the season will undoubtedly be of special interest to the lovers of these famous operas, foremost among them being the fact that Sir Henry Lytton has decided that this must be his farewell London season, and the countless admirers of this public favourite will be given the opportunity of seeing him play those parts with which his name has for so long been associated. Rupert D'Oyly Carte will take this opportunity of introducing to London, Martyn Green, who has been chosen as the successor to Sir Henry Lytton. Martyn Green has been a member of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company for some years and has recently played Sir Henry Lytton's parts with very great success. The other principals to appear during the season will be Muriel Dickson, Marjorie Eyre, Dorothy Gill, Rowena



ABOARD THE MATSON LINER,  
"MALOLO"

Count Henri de Baillet-Latour of Belgium, president of the Olympic Games, is shown here as he left America aboard the Matson liner, "Malolo," bound for visits in Hawaii, Australia, and New Zealand, and thence home to Brussels.

Ronald, John Dean, Darrell Fancourt, Charles Goulding, Sydney Granville, Leslie Rands, Richard Watson, and it will be noticed that several new artists will be making their first London appearance in the operas. The season will open with one week of *Trial by Jury* and *The Pirates of Penzance*, to be followed by one week each of *The Gondoliers*, *Ruddigore*, *Iolanthe*, *The Mikado*, *Cox and Box*, and *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Patience*, *Princess Ida*, and *The Yeomen of the Guard*. Commencing November 28 there will be a few weeks' Repertory Season, during which performances of *The Sorcerer* will be given. Prices will be on a pre-War basis, and to meet the wishes of many patrons there will be an unreserved pit and amphitheatre.

\* \* \*

The *Savoy Follies*, direct from the Savoy Theatre, with Miss Florence Desmond, Mr. Gillie Potter and Mr. Stanley Holloway, together with all the original cast are at the Streatham Hill Theatre this week, to be followed by one week at Golders Green Hippodrome. The Streatham Theatre have some very attractive bookings in the near future, including *The Cat and the Fiddle*, which will be played for two weeks from September 19th, to be followed by J. B. Priestley's successful play, *Dangerous Corner*, from the Lyric Theatre with original cast, and at a later date *Cavalcade* will be presented.

\* \* \*

In our issue of August 31 we published a photograph which we described as being of Major John Harvey. This should have read Major S. E. Harvey.



ON THE MATSON LINER,  
"MARIPOSA"

Mr. Leo Carrillo, the famous American screen star, arriving back home in the United States after several weeks in the South Seas. He collected a deep tan from the equatorial sun

## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 468

desired, with the complete assurance that you can hardly make a mess of it, even if you care to try to. Of course, in these days of comic wealth-distribution it does not always follow that a Rolls driver's mentality is as sound as the mechanism over which he presides. It is as well, therefore, that the affluent pin-head, in charge of something tremendously fast and vigorous, albeit of unsurpassable controllability, should have one thing less to think about, and thus be encouraged to keep his eyes on the road. It goes without saying that the new gear-box will be as perfect as the rest of the car, and accordingly I am very much looking forward to a taste of it.

\* \* \*

## And Again.

Another firm that has, for 1933, adopted the easy gear-change principle is Sunbeam, which exploits the synchro-mesh mechanism on both the 16-h.p. and the 20-h.p. types. This arrangement, which must now have a very big number of makes to its credit on both sides of the Atlantic, is absolutely fool-proof. Another example of Sunbeam advancement is to be found in the provision of instantly adjustable shock absorbers, so that the varying conditions of road, load, and speed can always be met to the greatest advantage. Both at the front and the rear of all models electrically controlled direction indicators are fitted. The "speed model" Sunbeam is something quite new and attractive, and yields a very high performance at a distinctly moderate cost. I have heard very fine accounts of it, and therefore look to it to add fresh lustre to a famous tradition.

## De Luxe.

From the Ford Motor Company I have received a catalogue of the V Eight car, which is without exception quite one of the most amazing productions I have ever seen. It is really more like a dramatic talkie film than a brochure, and I question whether the arts of printing and photography have ever been so strikingly expressed. Whether it be available for general circulation I am not informed, but I should certainly advise anyone interested, either in this particular model or in car technique, to take a chance and apply for a copy. Nothing of its kind has ever been more splendidly done.

## \* \* \*

## A Little Devil.

By the way, I wonder if any other country in the world can show us anything comparable to the M.G. Magna. A little 6-cylinder proposition of 1,250 cc., costing, in open touring form, £250; but, my word,

what an astute and determined little goer! Perhaps a couple of full-sized people who sat in the back for a quick 100 miles might not call it a full four-seater, but what does that matter? Most owners will treat it as a "2-str." with admirable room for luggage and for giving a lift when required. Only a few years ago a thing that would yield a performance like that of the Magna would have cost, and indeed did cost, close on six times as much. This unobtrusive little tit wanders up White Hill, Hanley, at 50 m.p.h. from a standing start. On the flat it will both touch, and hold, seventy. Of course, to get this sort of stuff you have to make use of your gear-box, but there is no objection to this, because besides being quiet it is exceedingly easy to handle. That M.G. slogan, "Safety first," is both clever and sound.



A RECENT BRIDE: MRS. W. A. JONES

This attractive snapshot was taken before the former Miss Marjorie Bullock left for her honeymoon in a Kaye Don Singer Saloon. Her wedding took place in Coventry Cathedral, and the car was a present from her father, Mr. W. E. Bullock, managing director of the Singer and Co., Ltd.



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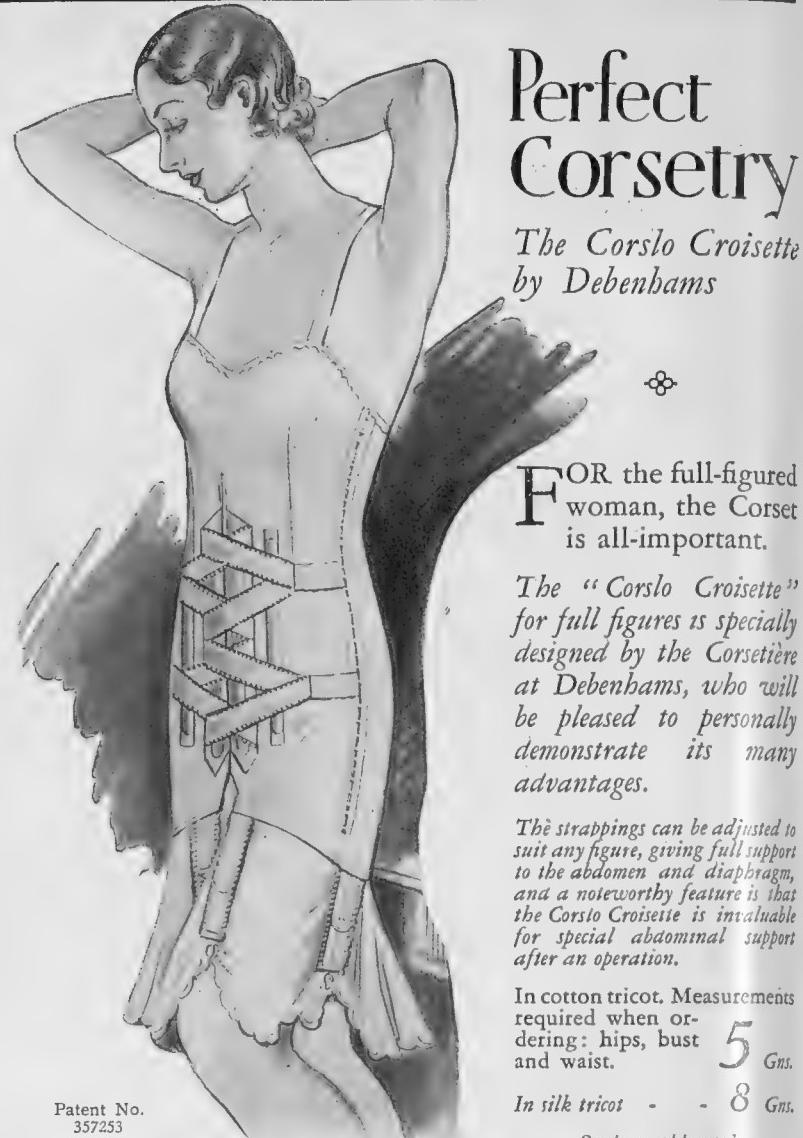
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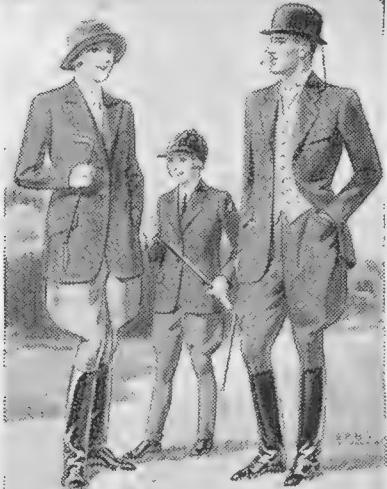
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★Autumn Double Number, Vogue Paris Openings Number with Vogue Pattern Book, October—November issue, both together

1/6

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**Vogue** gives you in this issue the authentic version of the new mode—the true facts about the choker neckline, the emphasized sleeve interest, the sloping-down-the-back waist, the furore for velvet. . . . What if you do not need a single one of the models from the great couturiers shown in it? Use them as a guide in choosing, in your own shops and at your own price range, the dresses you *do* need. To help you, Vogue shows the new silhouette as designed by British makers, and already available in the London stores. . . . With beauty, the house, society, the stage and golf besides.

“Smart fashions for limited incomes” include a dress and jacket as “The Bargain of the Fortnight”: other inexpensive models from the shops: advice for the smartly hard-up on the Paris Collections—what to follow and what to reject: knitting instructions for a pinafore sweater and for a small girl’s dress: how to make yourself a belt, hat-band and hand-bag to match: and attractive meals to serve, on the new basis of economical simplicity.

**Vogue Patterns with all the new lines**—130 of them, including many easy designs—are shown in Vogue Pattern Book, which is sold with this Double Number. Here is the autumn and winter mode summed up in terms of practical dressmaking, for your own sewing-room or your little local sempstress.



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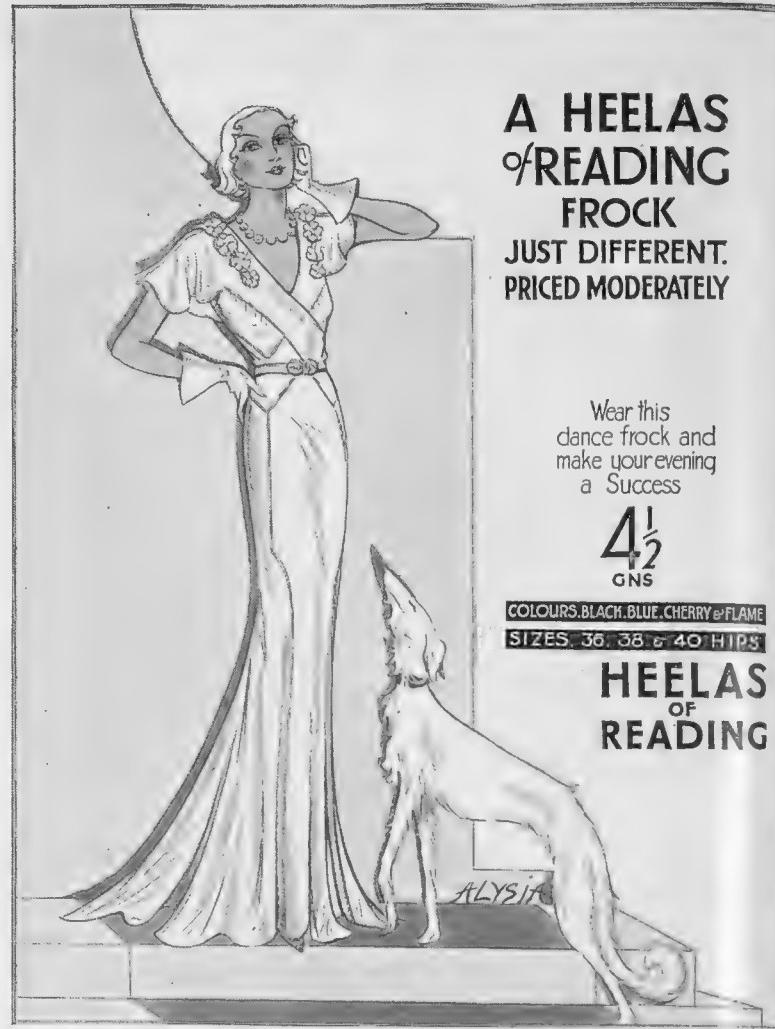


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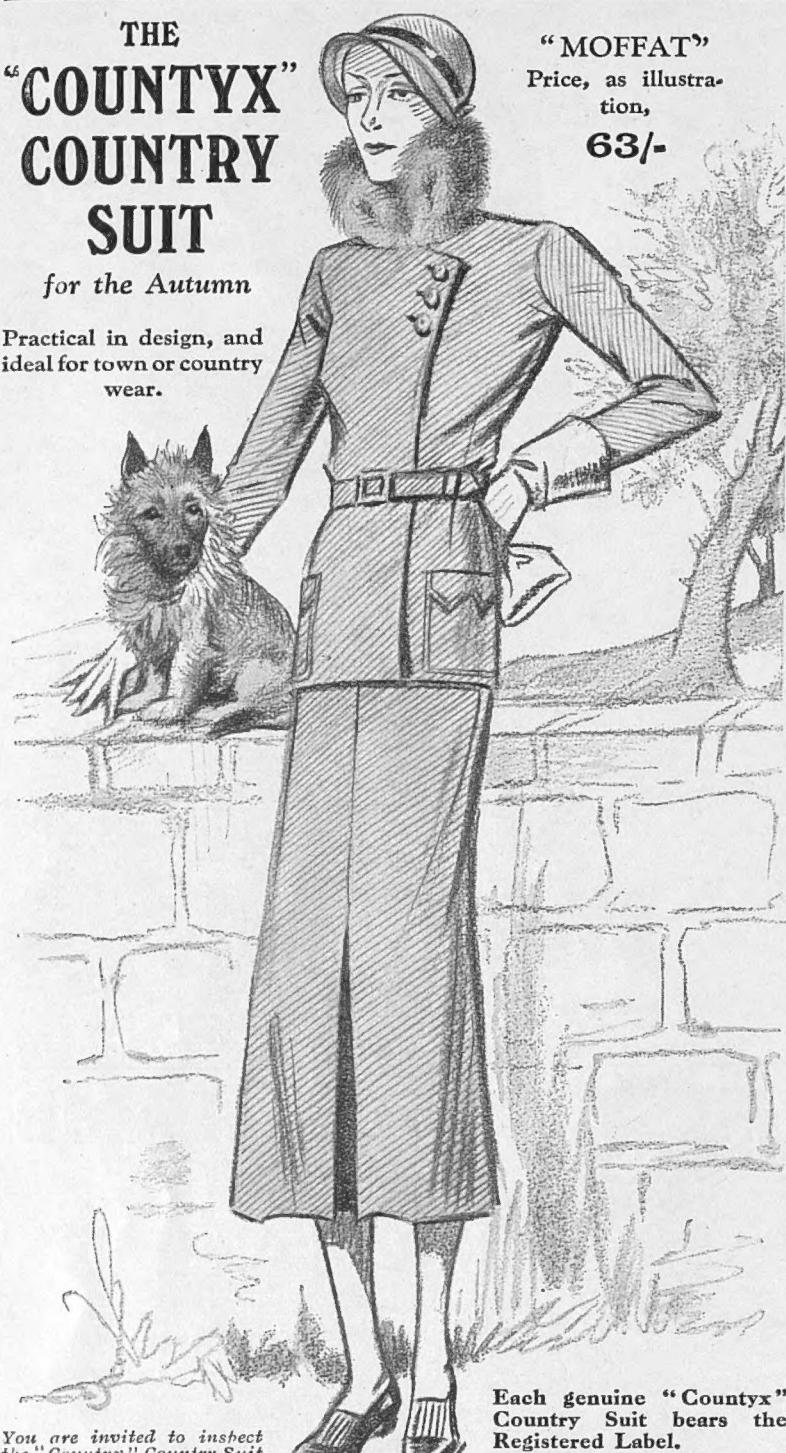
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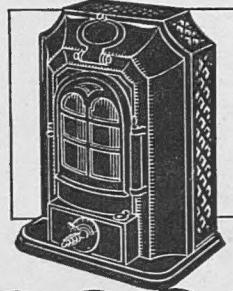
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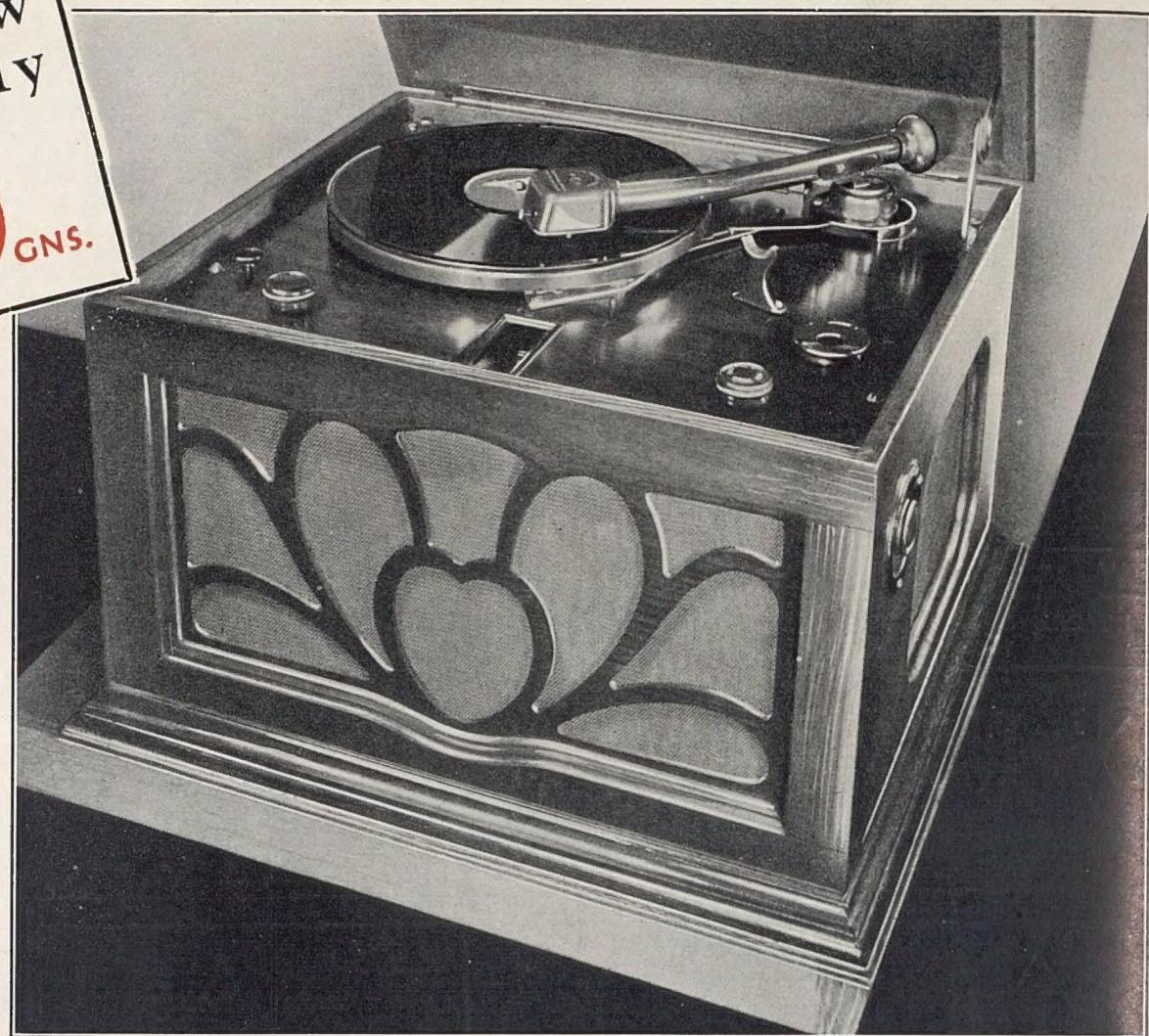
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